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S E L E C T B E A U T I E S

o f

A N C I E N T E N G L I S H P O E T R Y .

I N T W O V O L U M E S .

V O L . H .

SELECT BEAUTIES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

WITH REMARKS
By HENRY HEADLEY, A. B.

THE MONUMENT OF BANISHED MINDES.

See W. Parnham



Vol. 2

L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.
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1917

(v)

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DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

ILL-busi'd Man! why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy life's short Kalendar?
When ev'ry spectacle thou look'st upon
Presents and acts thy execution.

Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
" Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must dy."

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy passing bell:
Night is thy hearse, whose sable canopie
Covers alike deceased day and thee.

And all those weeping dewes which nightly fall,
Are but the tears shed for thy funerall.

Dr. King's Poems, p. 138.

TIMES GOE BY TURNES.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
 Most naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
 The sorriest wight may find release of paine,
 The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shower,
 Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by course,
 From foule to faire: from better hap to worle.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
 Shee drawes her favours to the lowest ebbe;
 Her tides have equall times to come and goe,
 Her loome doth weave the fine and courtest webbe.
 No joy so great, but runneth to an end:
 No hap so hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor ever spring,
 No endlesse night, nor yet eternall day:
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storme a calme may soon allay.
 Thus with succeeding turnes God tempereth all:
 That man may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaynce

A chance may winne that by mischance was lost,
That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crost,
Fewe all they need, but none have all they wish :
Unmeddled joyes here to no man befall :
Who least, hath some, who most, hath never all.

Robert Southwell.

THE SEARCH AFTER FELICITY.

THE wisest men, that Nature e're could boast,
For secret knowledge of her power, were lost,
Confounded, and in deepe amazement stood,
In the discovery of the Chiefest Good :
Keenly they hunted, beat in every bracke,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and backe
Return'd they counter ; but their deep-mouth'd art
(Though often challeng'd sent) yet ne're could start
In all th' enclosures of Philosophy,
That game, from squat, they terme, Felicity :
They jangle, and their maxims disagree,
As many men, so many mindes there be.

One digs to Pluto's throne, thinks there to finde
Her Grace, rak't up in gold : another's minde
Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of honor
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to seize upon her ;
A third, unlockes the painted gates of Pleasure,
And ransacks there, to find this peerlesse treasure,
A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,
Perswades himselfe, her Deity's too holy

4 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

For common hands to touch, he rather chuses,
To make a long dayes journey to the Muses :
To Athens (gown'd) he goes, and from that Schoole
Returns unsped, a more instructed foole.

Where lyes she then ? or lyes she any where ?
Honours are bought and sold, she rests not there,
Much lesse in Pleasures hath she her abiding,
For they are shar'd to Beasts, and ever sliding ;
Nor yet in Vertue, Vertue's often poore ;
And (crush't with fortune) begs from doore to doore,
Nor is she sainted in the shrine of Wealth ;
That, makes men slaves, is unsecur'd from stealth ;
• Conclude we then, Felicity consists
Not in exteriour fortunes, but her lists
Are boundlesse, and her large extension
Out-runnes the paze of humane apprehension ;
Fortunes are seldome measur'd by desert,
The fairer face, hath oft the fouler heart ;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'er extend
Beyond itselfe ; in it, all wishes end :
The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosp'rous, not a happy man ;
A peacefull Conscience is the true Content,
And Weaith is but her golden ornament.

Job Militant,
13 Med. by F. Quarles.
Edit 1630. Lond.

SCORN

6 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

In Haman's pompe poor Mordochæus wept ;
 Yet God did turne his fate upon his foe.
 The Lazar pinde, while Dives feast was kept,
 Yet he to Heaven, to Hell did Dives goe.
 We trample grasse, and prize the flowers of May,
 Yet grasse is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

Robert Southwell.

The Distinction between WISDOM and KNOWLEDGE.

THE Morall Poets, (nor unaptly) faine
 That by lame Vulcans help, the pregnant brain
 Of soveraigne Jove, brought forth, and at that birth,
 Was borne Minerva, Lady of the earth.
 O strange Divinity! but sung by rote ;
 Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.
 The morall sayes, all wisedome that is given
 To hood-wink't mortals, first, proceeds from heaven
 Truth's errour, Wisedome's but wise insolence,
 And light's but darknesse, not deriv'd from thence ;
 Wisdom's a straine tranicends Morality,
 No vertue's absent, Wisedome being by,
 Vertue, by constant practice is acquir'd,
 This (this by sweat unpurchaft) is inspir'd :
 The master-piece of knowledge, is to know
 But what is good, from what is good in show,
 And there it rests : Wisedome proceeds, and chuses
 The seeming evill, th' apparent good refuses ;

Knowledge

Knowledge descries alone ; Wisdome applyes,
That, makes some fooles, this, maketh none but wise ;
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but picke
Bare simples, Wisdome pounds them, for the sicke ;
In my afflictions, Knowledge apprehends,
Who is the author, what the cause and ends,
It findes that Patience is my sad reliefe,
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my grieffe :
To rest contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without raine, and heat without a spring :
What hope arises hence ? the devils doe
The very same : they know and tremble too ;
But sacred Wisdome doth apply that good,
Which simple knowledge barely understood :
Wisdome concludes, and in conclusion, proves
That wheresoever God correct, he loves :
Wisdome digests, what Knowledge did but tast,
That deales in futures, this, in things are past :
Wisdom's the card of Knowledge, which, without
That guide, at random's wreck't on every doubt :
Knowledge, when Wisdome is too weak to guide her
Is like a head-strong horse, that throwes the rider :
Which made that great Philosopher avow,
He knew so much that he did nothing know.

Job. Militant, Med. II. Edit. 1630.
by F. Quarles.

DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

W H E R E wards are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault then doe defend,
The feeble part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend ;
Yet higher powers must thinke, though they repine,
When funne is set, the little starres will shine.

While pike do range, the filly tench doth flie,
And crouch in privie creekes, with smaller fish :
Yet pikes are caught when little fish goe by,
These fleete asote, while those doe fill the dish ;
There is a time even for the wormes to creepe,
And sucke the dew while all their foes doe sleepe.

The marline cannot ever soare on high,
Nor greedie grey-hound still pursue the chace,
The tender larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearfull hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrumps leave to growe,

10 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

* And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stands corrupted so with Time's despite,
And giv'it false evidence against their fame
That set thee there to testify their right ;
And are become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might ;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of Ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise admonished,
Shall never more desire such hopes t' advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Confid'ring in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
All those great Worthies of Antiquity,
Which long foreliv'd thee, and shall long survive ;
Who stronger tombs found for Eternity,
Than could the Pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil, and way of Rage ;
Tho' Time with all his Pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining Age ;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage ;
Pleading the Heavens prescription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as He.

Musophilus. by S. Daniel.

* A few lines of inferior merit are here omitted.

THE

THE IDEA BEATIFICALL.

* * * * *

End, and Beginning of each thing that growes,
Whose selfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes,
That hath no eyes to see, nor ears to heare,
Yet sees and heares, and is all eye, all care,
That no whear is contain'd, and yet is every whear,

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
Before and after all, the first, and last,
That mooving all, is yet immoveable,
Great without quantitie, in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come are past ;
Swift without motion, to whose open eye,
The hearts of wicked men unbrested lie,
At once ablent, and present to them, farre and nigh.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light,
No sweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie,
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowrie odour mixt with ipicerie.
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodilily,
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony, that sounds within the breast,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soule doth rest.

A heav'nly

12 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

A heav'nly feast, no hunger can consume,
 A light unseene, yet shines in every place,
 A sound, no time can steale, a sweet perfume
 No windes can scatter, an entire embrace,
 That no satietie can ere unlace,
 Ingrac't into so high a favour, thear
 The Saints, with their beaw-peers, whole worlds outwear,
 And things unseene doe see, and things unheard doe hear.

Christ's Triumph,
 Part II. Stan. 38—41.
 Ed. 1610. by G. Fletcher,

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH,

TH' Egyptians, amidst their solemne feasts,
 Used to welcome, and present their guests
 With the sad sight of Man's anatomy,
 Serv'd in with this loud motto, "*All must die.*"
 Fooles often goe about, when as they may
 Take better vantage of a neerer way.
 Looke well into your bosomes: doe not flatter
 Your knowne infirmities: behold, what matter
 Your fleshe was made of: Man, cast backe thine eye,
 Upon the weaknesse of thine infancy;
 See how thy lips hang on thy mother's brest
 Pawling for helpe, more helpelesse than a beast.
 Liv'st thou to Childhood? then, behold, what toies
 Doe mocke the sense, how shallow are thy joyes.

Com't

Com'st thou to downie yeares? See, how deceits
 Gull thee with golden fruit, and with false baits
 Slily beguile the prime of thine affection.
 Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
 Of ripen'd yeares? Ambition hath now sent
 Thee on her frothy errand; Discontent
 Payes thee thy wages. Doe thy grizly haire
 Begin to cast account of many cares
 Upon thy head? The sacred lust of gold
 Now fires thy spirit, for fleshy lust too cold,
 Makes thee a slave to thine owne base desire,
 Which melts and hardens at the self same fire,
 Art thou decrepit? then thy very breath
 Is grievous to thee, and each griefe's a death.
 Looke where thou list, thy life is but a span,
 Thou art but dust, and, to conclude, a Man.
 Thy life's a warfare, thou a souldier art,
 Satan's thy foe-man, and a faithfull heart
 Thy two-edg'd weapon, patience thy shield,
 Heaven is thy Chieftain, and the world thy field.

To be afraid to die, or wish for death,
 Are words and passions of despairing breath:
 Who doth the first, the day doth faintly yeeld,
 And who the second, basely flies the field.
 Man's not a lawfull steersman of his dayes,
 His bootlesse wish, nor hastens nor delayes:
 We are God's hired workmen; he discharges
 Some late at night, and (when he list) enlarges
 Others at noone, and in the morning, some:
 None may relieve himselfe, till he bid come:
 If we receive for one halfe day as much
 As they that toyle till evening, shall we grutch?

Job Militant,
 Med. 8. by F. Quarles.
 Ed. 1630.

The Immortality of the SOUL, implied from
its Motion.

———The Soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth th' Earth behold,
And only this material world she views :

At first her mother Earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things ;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in Honour, Wealth,
Or Pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceas'd to wish when he had Health ?
Or having Wisdom was not vex'd in mind ?

With this desire she hath a native might
To find out every truth if she had time ;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degree from cause to cause to climb.

But

DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES. 15

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind :
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind ;

Of which swift little time so much we spend
While some few things we through the fence do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Sir John Davies,
p. 68.

The Instability of HUMAN GREATNESS.

FOND Man, that looks on Earth for happinesse,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due ;
'Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetuall good,
A every losse against heav'ns face repining ?
Do but behold where glorious Cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining ;
There now the Hart fearlessse of grey-hound feeds,
And loving Pelican in safety breeds ;
There shrieking Satyres fill the people's emptie steads.

16 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

Where is th' Assyrian Lion's golden hide,
That all the East once graspt in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian Beare, whose swelling pride
The Lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which twist a Lion and a Pard,
Through all the World with nimble pineons far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd?

Hardly the place of such antiquitie,
Or note of these great monarchies we finde:
Onely a fading verball memorie,
And empty name in writ is left behinde:
But when this second life, and glory fades,
And sinks at length in times obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds; and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which nurst in Tiber's fenne
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping denne,
And trode downe all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back't, bridled by a Monk with seven heads yok'd stands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing
Ore-shadowes half the Earth, whose dismal sight
Frighted the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flagges with weary flight.
Who then shall hope for happines beneath;
Where each new day proclaims chance, change and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the aire we breathe?

Purple Island,
Cant. 7, St. 2—7:
by Ph. Fletcher. Edit. 1633.

FAITH.

F A I T H.

THE proudest pitch of that victorious Spirit
 Was but to win the World, whereby t' inherite
 The ayrie purchase of a transitory
 And glozing title of an age's glory ;
 Would'st thou by conquest win more fame than he,
 Subdue thyselfe ; thyselfe's a world to thee.
 Earth's but a ball, that Heaven hath quilted ore
 With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floore
 Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery Court,
 Sent for a Toy, to make us Children sport,
 Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights supplying,
 To still the fondlings of the world from crying ;
 And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
 Gains but the honour of a mighty toy.

But would'st thou conquer, have thy conquest crown'd
 By hands of Seraphims, tryumph'd with the sound
 Of Heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the shrill
 Celestial quire, recorded with a quill,
 Pluckt from the pinion of an Angels wing,
 Confirm'd with joy by Heavens eternal King ;
 Conquer thyselfe, thy rebel thoughts repell,
 And chase those false affections that rebell.
 Hath Heaven despoil'd what his full hand hath given thee ?
 Nipt thy succeeding blossomes ? or bereaven thee,
 Of thy deare latest hope, thy bosome friend ?
 Doth sad Despaire deny these griefes an end ?
 Despaire's a whisp'ring rebell, that within thee,
 Bribes all thy field, and sets thy selfe agin thee :

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Make

18 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

Make keene thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee :
Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
And when Griefe strikes, 'twil strike the striker dead.

* In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thyselfe, Heaven holds not out
His bow for ever bent ; the disposition
Of noblest spirit, doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more : a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to returne more bright ;
† Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despight of Fate,
Looke greatest, like the Sun, in lowest state.
But, ah ! shall God thus strive with flesh and blood ?
Receives he glory from, or reapes he good
In mortals ruine, that he leaves man so
To be overwhelm'd by this unequall foe ?

May not a Potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a vessel, search if it be found ?
Or if, by furbishing, he take more paine
To make it fairer, shall the pot complaine ?
Mortall, thou art but clay : then shall not he,
That fram'd thee for his service, season thee ?
Man, cloze thy lips ; be thou no undertaker
Of God's designs ; dispute not with thy Maker.

Job Mil. 3 Med.
Ed. 1638, by F. Quar

* Two lines are here omitted.

† Two lines are here omitted.

To the Honourable Mr. W. E——.

HE who is good is happy—let the loud
 Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude,
 And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine
 Unmov'd and nobler comfort entertaine
 In welcomming th' approach of Death, then Vice,
 Ere found in her fictitious Paradise.
 Time mocks our youth; and (while we number past
 Delights, and raise our appetite to taste
 Ensuing) brings us to unflatter'd Age,
 Where we are left to satisfie the rage
 Of threatning Death: Pompe, Beauty, Wealth, and all
 Our Friendships, shrinking from the funerall.
 The thought of this begets that brave disdain
 With which thou view'st the world, and makes those vaine
 Treasures of fancy, serious fooles so court,
 And sweat to purchase, thy contempt or sport.
 What should we covet here? why interpose
 A cloud twixt us and Heaven? kind Nature chose
 Man's soule th' Exchequer where she'd hoord her wealth,
 And lodge all her rich secrets; but by the stealth
 Of our owne vanity, w' are left so poore,
 The creature meerely sensuall knowes more.
 The learned Halcyon by her wisdom finds
 A gentle season, when the seas and winds
 Are silenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
 The happy miracle of her rare birth,
 Leaving with wonder all our arts possesst,
 That view the architecture of her nest.

Pride raiseth us 'bove justice. We bestowe
 Increase of knowledge on old minds, which grow
 By age to dotage ; while the sensitive
 Part of the world in its first strength doth live.
 Folly ! what dost thou in thy power containe
 Deserves our study ? merchants plough the maine,
 And bring home th' Indies, yet aspire to more,
 By avarice in the possession poore.
 And yet that Idol Wealth we all admite
 Into the soule's great Temple, busie Wit
 Invents new orgies, Fancy frames new rites
 To shew its superstition, anxious nights
 Are watcht to win its favour ; while the beast
 Content with Nature's courtesie doth rest.
 Let man then boast no more a soule, since he
 Hath lost that great prerogative ; but thee
 (Whom Fortune hath exempted from the herd
 Of vulgar men, whom Vertue hath preferr'd
 Farre higher than thy birth) I must commend,
 Rich in the purchase of so sweete a friend.
 And though my fate conducts me to the shade
 Of humble Quiet, my ambition payde
 With safe content, while a pure Virgin fame
 Doth raise me trophies in Castara's name.
 No thought of glory swelling me above
 The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
 Yet with I thee, guided by better starres
 To purchase unsafe honour in the warres
 Or envied smiles at Court ; for thy great race,
 And merits well may challenge th' highest place.
 Yet know, what busie path so-ere you tread
 To Greatnesse, you must sleepe among the dead.

Castara, by W. Habington.
 Ed. Lond. 1640.

S I C V I T A.

LIKE to the falling of a starre ;
 Or as the flights of Eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hew :
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood ;
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;
 Even such is Man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.

*The Wind blows out ; the Bubble dies ;
 The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies ;
 The Dew dries up ; the Starre is shot :
 The flight is past ; and Man forgot.*

Dr. King's Poems,
 page 139.

To my noblest Friend J. C——, Esquire,

S I R,

I Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet
 I love the silence ; I embrace the wit
 And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
 But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
 No place each way is happy ; here I hold
 Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
 (After a due oath ministred) the height
 And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
 The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.
 With others I commune, who tell me whence
 The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow :
 Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
 Soon as they happen ; and by rote can tell
 Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell,
 The crosse or prosperous fate of Princes, they
 Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay :
 And on each action comment with more skill
 Then upon Livy, did old Matchavill.
 O busie folly ! why doe I my braine
 Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
 Or quicke designs of France ? why not repaire
 To the pure innocence of the Country ayre.
 And neighbor thee, deare friend ? who so dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy wayes, there, might not we
 Arme against Passion with Philosophie ;

And by the aide of leifure, fo controule
 Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all foule ?
 Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
 We study mifteries of other men
 And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
 Thy head upon fome flowry pillow laide,
 (Kind Nature's hufwifery) contemplate all
 His stratagems who labours to inthrall
 The world to his great Mafter ; and you'le finde
 Ambition mockes itfelfe, and graspes the wind.
 Not conquest makes us great, blood is too deare
 A price for Glory : Honour doth appeare
 To statefmen like a vifion in the night,
 And juggler-like workes on the deluded fight.
 The unbulied only wife : for no refpect
 Indangers them to error ; they affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
 Or tall in title ; fo much him they weigh
 As Vertue raifeth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things ; and fince we find
 Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
 Create new Youth, and arme againft the rude
 Affaults of age ; that no dull folitude
 Of the towne dead our thoughts, nor bufie care
 And whether we are bound ; Time nere forgot
 His journey, though his fteps we numbred not.

Caftara, by W. Habington.
 Ed. 1640. Lond.

A Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles ;
 Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles ;
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay ;
 Honour the darling but of one short day.
 Beauty, th' eye's idol but a damask'd skin ;
 State but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds : embroider'd trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;
 And blood ally'd to greatness, is alone
 Inherited, not purchas'd nor our own,
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill :
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke :
 I would be rich, but see men too unkind,
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mind :
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free :
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud :
 I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass :
 Rich hated : wife suspected : scorn'd if poor :
 Great fear'd : fair tempted : high still envy'd more :
 I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for neither ;
 Great, high, rich, wife nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.

Would

Would the World now adopt me for her heir,
 Would Beauty's Queen entitle me "The Fair,"
 Fame speak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
 Angels with India; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike Justice dumb,
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs: be call'd Great Master
 In the loose rhimes of every poetaster?
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wife, all in superlatives:
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye silent groves,
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
 Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
 My chearful anthems to the glad some spring:
 A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
 In which I will adore sweet Virtues face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
 And if Contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again.

Sir H. Wotton.

The SHORTNESS of LIFE.

MY glass is half unspent ; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon : my poor request
Is that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devouring minutes will be done
Without thy help ; see ! see how swift they run ;
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gaines not great I purchase by this stay ;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours ; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life ? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a life? the flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Weares her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit! how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

Quarles Emblems.

B. 3. Em. 13.

O That

*O That thou wouldst bide me in the Grave, that thou
wouldst keep me in secret until thy wrath be past.*

PSALMS.

AH! whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of Light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert; if she spring away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

'Tis vain to flee; 'till gentle Mercy shew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th'

DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

29

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God ! there is no safety here below ;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
Tis thou that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Quarles Emblems.

ALL THINGS ARE VAIN.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning, brages in brightness of
the funne
As though he had of chafed night, a glorious conquest
wonne :

The time by day, gives place againe to force of drowfy night,
And every creature is constrain'd to change his lusty plight.
Of pleasure all that here we taste ;
We feele the contrary at laste.

In spring, though pleasant Zephirus hath frutefull earth
inspired,
And Nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossomes
brave attired :
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes ful quickly
withered be,
When stormie Winter comes to kill, the Sommers jollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All things wherein we pleasure most.

30 DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

Although the Seas so calmly glide, as daungers none ap-
peare,
And dout of stormes, in skie is none, king Phoebus shines so
cleare:
Yet when the boistrous windes breake out, and raging waves
do swel,
The seely barke now heaves to heaven, now sinkes againe
to hel,
Thus change in ever thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to be.

Who floweth most in worldly wealth of wealth is most unsure,
And he that cheefely tastes of joy, doth sometime woe endure:
Who vaunteth most of numbred freendes, foregoe them all he
must,
The fairest flesh and liveliest bloud, is turn'd at length to dust.
Experience gives a certain ground,
That certen here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heavens
above,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme, is able to
remove,
Trust to that sure celestiall rocke, that rests in glorious
throne,
That hath bene, is, and must be stil, our anker hold alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heaven seeke we our suretie.

The Paradise of Daynty Devises.
Fol. 18, 44. signed F. K.

CHURCH

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

WHILE that my Soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
To which the blast of Death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last, therefore I gladly trust

My body to the School, that it may learn
To spell his elements, and find his birth
Written in dusty herauldry and lines.
Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
These laugh at jeat, and marble put for signs,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust ?
Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
And true descent : that when thou shalt grow fat,

And

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glass which holds the dust
 That meaasures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust, mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou may'st fit thyself against thy fall.

The Temple, by G. Herbert.

Edit. 1709, p 56.

AGAINST FOREIGN LUXURY.

AND now ye British swaines (whose harmeleffe sheepe
 Then all the worlds beside I joy to keepe)
 Which spread on every plaine, and hilly would,
 Fleeces no lesse esteem'd then that of gold,
 For whose exchange one Indy jems of price,
 The other gives you of her choicest spice,
 And well she may ; but we unwise, the while,
 Lessen the glory of our fruitfull Isle :
 Making those nations thinke we foolish are,
 For baser drugs to vent our richer ware,
 Which (save the bringer) never profit man,
 Except the Sexten and Physitian.
 And whether change of clymes, or what it be,
 That proves our mariners mortalitie,

Sue!

Such expert men are spent for such bad fares
 As might have made us Lords of what is theirs.
 Stay, stay at home, ye nobler spirits, and prize
 Your lives more high then such base trumperies ;
 Forbeare to fetch ; and they 'le goe neere to sue,
 And at your owne dores offer them to you ;
 Or have their woods and plaines so overgrowne
 With poyfuous weeds, roots, gums, and seeds unknowne ;
 That they would hire such weeders as you be
 To free their land from such fertilitie.
 Their spices hot their nature best indures,
 But 'twill impayre and much distemper yours.
 What our owne soyle affords befits us best ;
 And long and long, for ever may we rest
 Needleffe of help ! and may this Isle alone
 Furnish all other lands, and this land none !

Brit. Paft. B. II. Song IV.
 by W. Browne. Thomp.
 Edit.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

MYNE own John Paines, sins ye delight to know
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,
 And flee the prease of Courtes, wherefo they goe,
 Rather then to live thrall under the awe
 Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke,
 To will and lust learning to set a law ;
 It is not, that because I storme or mocke
 The power of them, whom Fortune here hath lent
 Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke ;
 But true it is, that I have always ment
 Less to esteeme them, then the common sort,
 Of outward thinges that judge in their entent,
 Without regarde, what inward doth resort :
 I graunt, some time of Glory that the fyre,
 Doth touch my heart, me list not to report :
 Blame by honour and honour to desyre.
 But how may I this honour now attaine,
 That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer ?
 My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fayn,
 To cloke the truth, for praise, without desert,
 Of them that list all vice for to retayne :
 I cannot honour them that set theyr part
 With Venus and Bacchus all their life long ;
 Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
 I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge,

To worship them like God on Earth alone,
 That are as wolves these sely lambes among ;
 I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone,
 And suffer nought ; nor smart without complaint,
 Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
 I cannot speake and looke like a Saint,
 Use wyles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure,
 Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paynt :
 I cannot wrest the law to fyll the coffer,
 With innocent blood to feed myself fatte,
 And do most hurt where that most help I offer.
 I am not he that can allow the state
 Of hye Cæsar, and damne Cato to dye,
 That with his death did scape out of the gate,
 From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lye ;
 And would not live were Liberty was lost,
 So did his heart the Common Wealth apply.
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
 To make the crow in singing, as the swanne ;
 Nor call the lyon of coward beasts the most,
 That cannot take a mouse as the cat can,
 And he that dyeth for hunger of the golde,
 Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
 Passeth Apollo in musicke manyfolde,
 Praise Syr Topas for a noble tale,
 And scorn the story that the knight tolde.
 Praise him for counsell that is dronke of ale,
 Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,
 Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale ;
 On others lust to hang both night and day,
 None of these Paines would ever frame in me,
 My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
 And much the less of things that greater be,
 That asken helpe of colours to devise,
 To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
 With nereest vertue ay to cloke the vyce ;
 And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
 To presse the vertue that it may not ryse ;

As Drunkennes good fellowship to call,
 The frendly foe with his faire double face,
 Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall;
 Affirme that Favill hath a goodly grace
 In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
 Zeale of Justice; and change in time and place:
 And he that suffereth offence without blame,
 Call him pitefull, and him true and playne,
 That rayleth rechless unto eche man's shame,
 Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne;
 The lecher a lover, and tyranny
 To be right of a Prince's raigne.
 I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
 This is the cause that I could never yet,
 Hang on their sleeves the weigh (as thou maist see)
 A chippe of chaunce, more than a pound of wit:
 This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
 And in foul weather at my book to sit,
 In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalke,
 No man doth marke whereso I ryde or goe,
 In lusty leas at libertie I walke;
 And of these newes I fele no weale no woe,
 Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my heele,
 No force for that, for that is ordered so,
 That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wel.
 I am not now in France to judge the wyne,
 With savery sauce those delicats to feele,
 Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
 I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
 Nor Flanders chere lettes to my sight to deme,
 Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
 With beastlines, such doe those beastes esteeme!
 Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pay
 For money, pryson and treason; of some
 A common practice used night and daye:

But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
 Among the Muses, where I reade and ryme,
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poynes to come,
 Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my tyme.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.
 Tottel's Edit.

The Pleasures of Literary Retirement.

MY free-borne Muse will not, like Danae, be
 Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
 Nor lend her choiser balme to worthlesse men,
 Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
 No: if I praise, Vertue shall draw me to it,
 And not a base procurement make me doe it.
 What now I sing is but to passe away
 A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
 Or make an other my owne griefes bemoane;
 Or to be least alone when most alone,
 In this can I, as oft as I will chuse,
 Hug sweet Content by my retyred muse,
 And in a study finde as much to please
 As others in the greatest Palaces.
 Each man that lives (according to his powre)
 On what he loves bestowes an idle howre;
 Instead of hounds that make the wooded hills
 Talke in a hundred voyces to the rills,
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line
 Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
 In lieu of Hawkes, the raptures of my soule
 Transcend their pitch and baser earths controule.
 For running horses, Contemplation flies
 With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.

For courtly dancing, I can take more pleasure
 To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
 For winning riches, seeke the best directions
 How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
 For raising stately pyles for heyres to come,
 Here in this poem I erect my toombe.
 And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
 To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
 In guilded marble, or in brazen leaves :
 Since verse preserves when stone and brasse deceives.
 Or if (as worthlesse) Time not lets it live
 To those full days which others Muses give,
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
 Of most severest eld, and kinder young
 Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envy's strife
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life,
 Such, of the Muses, are the able powres,
 And, since with them I spent my vacant houres,
 I finde nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
 Turnyes nor revels, (pleasures for a King)
 Yeeld more delight ; for I have oft possesst
 As much in this as all in all the rest,
 And that without expence, when others oft
 With their undoings have their pleasures bought.

Brit. Past. B. II. Song IV.
 by W. Browne,

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Filmer, an Elegiacall Epitaph.

YOU that shall live awhile before
 Old Time tyr's, and is no more ;
 When that this ambitious stone
 Stoopest low as what it tramples on ;
 Know that in that Age when Sinne
 Gave the World law, and govern'd Queene,
 A Virgin liv'd, that still put
 White thoughts, though out of fashion ;
 That trac't the stars spite of report,
 And durst be good, though chidden fort :
 Of such a soule ————— Heav'n
 Repented what it thus had giv'n ;
 For finding equall happy man,
 Th' impatient Pow'r's snatcht it agen ;
 Thus chaste as th' ayre whither shee's fled,
 She making her celestiaall bed
 In her warme alabafter lay
 As cold as in this house of clay ;

Nor were the rooms unfit to feast
 Or circumscribe this Angel-guest ;
 The radiant gemme was brightly set
 In as divine a carcanet ;
 For which the clearer was not knowne,
 Her minde, or her complexion :
 Such an everlasting grace,
 Such a beatifick face
 Incloysters here this narrow floore
 That possesse all hearts before.
 Blest and bewayl'd in death and birth !
 The smiles and teares of Heav'n and Earth !
 Virgins at each step are afeard,
 Filmer is shot by which they steer'd,
 Their star extinct, their beauty dead
 That the yong world to honour led ;
 But see ! the rapid spheres stand still,
 And tune themselves unto her will.
 Thus, although this Marble must,
 As all things crumble into dust,
 And though you finde this faire-built Tombe
 Ashes, as what lyes in its wombe ;
 Yet her Saint-like name shall shine
 A living glory to this shrine,
 And her eternall fame be read,
 When all, but very Vertue's dead.

Lucaſta. &c. &c.

by Richard Lovelace, Esq;

Lond. 1649. Ed.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY
VILLERS.

THE Lady Mary Villers lyes
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The Parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad Friends lay'd her in earth:
If any of them (Reader) were
Knowne unto thee, shed a teare,
Or if thyselfe possesse a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs, thine owne hard case
For thou perhaps at thy returne
Mayest find thy Darling in an urne.

Poems by Tho. Carew Esq,
Lond. 1640, p. 90.

ON THE EARL OF DORSET'S DEATH.

LET no prophane ignoble foot tread here,
 This hallowed piece of Earth, Dorset lyes there:
 A small poor relique of a noble spirit,
 Free as the aire, and ample as his merit:
 A soul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord
 But mindfull of mean names, and of his word:
 Who lov'd men for his honour, not his ends,
 And had the noblest way of getting friends
 By loving first, and yet who knew the Court,
 But understood it better by report
 Then practise: he nothing took from thence
 But the King's favour for his recompence.
 Who for Religion, or his Countrey's good,
 Neither his honour valued, nor his blood.
 Rich in the World's opinion, and men's praise,
 And full in all we could desire, but dayes,
 He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
 To vent a sigh for him, or shed a teare,
 May he live long scorn'd and unpitied fall,
 And want a Mourner at his funerall.

Certain Elegant Poems.
 Written by Dr. Corbet Bishop
 of Norwich, 1647. Ed. Lond. p. 51.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

FOND wight, who dreamst of Greatness, Glory, State,
And worlds of pleasures, honours to devise,
Awake, learne here that how thou art not great,
Nor glorious ; by this Monument turne wise.

One it enshrineth sprung of ancient stemm,
And (if that bloud nobility can make)
Frome which some Kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gemm.

A beauty here it holds alas, too fast !
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd,
Ah ! too too like to Morne and Rose at last.

It holds her who in Wit's ascendant far
Did yeares and sex transcend, to whom the Heaven
More vertue than to all this age had given,
For Vertue meteor turn'd, when she a star.

Faire

Faire Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,
 And what those Kings of numbers did conceive
 By Muses Nine, and Graces more than three,
 Lye clos'd within the compasse of this grave.

Thus Death all earthly glories doth confound,
 Loç ! how much worth a little dust doth bound,

Drummond's Poems, 8vo.
 1656, p. 198.

An ELEGY on the Death of PHILARETE,
 i. e. Mr. THO. MANWOOD, the Author's
 Friend, and Son of Sir PETER MAN-
 WOOD, Knight.

UNDER an aged oke was Willy laid,
 Willy, the lad who whilom made the rockes
 To ring with joy whilst on his pipe he plaid,
 And from their master's wood the neighb'ring flocks ;
 But now o'recome with dolors deepe
 That nie his heart-strings rent :
 Ne car'd he for his filly sheepe,
 Ne car'd for merriment.
 But chang'd his wonted walkes
 For uncouth paths unknowne,
 Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
 And eccho rue his mone.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

45

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
And rivers (swolne with pride) ore-look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar-rankes,

The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats,
By rising fountaines, or as they
Fear'd Winter's wastfull threats.

Against the broad-spread oke,
Each wind in furie beares;
Yet fell their leaves not halfe so fast
As did the Shepheard's teares.

As was his feate so was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie
As those aye-wandering lights, who both impart
Their beames on us, and heaven still beautifie.

Sad was his looke (O heavy fate!
That swaine should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorne mate
With greatest pleasure clad)

Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the christall floods.
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

"Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And Night too sparing of a wished stay,
Yee wand'ring lampes; O be ye fixt a space!
Some other Hemisphere grace with your ray.

Great Phœbus! Daphne is not heere,
Nor Hyacinthus faire;

Phœbe, Endimion, and thy deere
Hath long since cleft the aire,
But ye have surely seene

(Whom we in sorrow misse)

A swaine whom Phœbe thought her love
And Titan deemed his.

But

But he is gone ; then inwards turn your light,
 Behold him there ; here never shall you more,
 O're-hang this sad plaine with eternall night !
 Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore
 To fenny blacke. Hyperion great
 To ashy palenesse turne her !
 Greene well befits a lover's heate,
 But blacke befeemes a mourner.
 Yet neither this thou can'st,
 Nor see his second birth,
 His brightnesse blinds thine eye more now,
 Then thine did his on earth.

Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines,
 Tune notes of glee, as used were of yore :
 For Philarete is dead, let mirthfull straines
 With Philarete cease for evermore !

And if a fellow swaine doe live
 A niggard of his teares ;
 The shepheardesse all will give
 To store him, part of theirs.
 Or I would lend him some,
 But that the store I have
 Will all be spent before I pay
 The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to mone !
 Or what remains but doth increafe it more ?
 Looke on his sheepe ; alas ! their master's gone.
 Looke on the place where we two heretofore
 With locked armes have vow'd our love,
 (Our love which time shall see
 In shepheards songs for ever move,
 And grace their harmony)
 It solitarie seemes.
 Behold our flowrie beds ;
 Their beauties fade, and violets
 For sorow hang their heads.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

47

'Tis not a cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,
 A mourning garment, wailing elegie,
 A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
 A toombe built to his name's eternitie.
 Although the shepheards all should strive
 By yearly obsequies,
 And vow to keepe thy fame alive
 In spite of Destinies,
 That can suppress my griefe;
 All these, and more may be,
 Yet all in vain to recompence
 My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance be chang'd,
 A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,
 A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
 A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be rotten:
 All things th' impartial hand of Fate
 Can raise out with a thought:
 These have a sev'ral fixed date,
 Which ended, turn to nought.
 Yet shall my truest cause
 Of sorrow firmly stay,
 When these effects the wings to Time
 Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke as a sweet rose fairely budding forth
 Bewrayes her beauties to the enamour'd morne,
 Untill some keene blast from the envious North
 Killles the sweet bud that was but newly borne,
 Or els her rarest smells delighting
 Make her herselfe betray
 Some white and curious hand inviting
 To pluck her thence away.
 So stands my mournfull case,
 For had he been lesse good,
 Yet (uncorrupt) he had kept the stocke
 Whereon he fairly stood.

Yet

Yet though so long he liv'd not as he might,
 He had the time appointed to him given.
 Who liveth but the space of one poor night,
 His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.

Whoever doth the period see
 Of dayes by Heav'n forth plotted,
 Dyes full of age, as well as he
 That had more yeares allotted.
 In sad tones then my verse
 Shall with incessant teares
 Bemoane my haplesse losse of him
 And not his want of yeares.

In deepest passions of my grief-swolne breast
 (Sweete Soute!) this onely comfort seizeth me,
 That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
 And gave such wings to reach eternitie.

Is this to die? no, as a ship
 Well built, with easy wind
 A lazy hulk doth farre outstrip,
 And soonest harbour find:
 So Philarete fled,
 Quicke was his passage given,
 When others must have longer time
 To make them fit for Heaven.

Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
 But as the Nightingale against the breere,
 'Tis for my selfe I moane, and doe lament,
 Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st it me here:

Here, where without thee all delights
 Faile of their pleasing powre:
 All glorious daies seeme ugly nights,
 Methinks no Aprill showre
 Embroder should the earth,
 But briny teares distill,
 Since Flora's beauties shall no more
 Be honour'd by thy quill.

And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)
 Whilome the fairest flocke on all the plaine :
 Yeane never lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke.
 Ye shady siccamours ! when any swaine,
 To carve his name upon your rind
 Doth come, where his doth stand,
 Shed drops, if he be so unkind
 To raze it with his hand.
 And thou, my loved Muse,
 No more should'st numbers move,
 But that his name should ever live,
 And after death my love.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're drowned eyes
 Gaz'd on the Heavens for what he mist on Earth ;
 Then from the earth, full gladly gan arise
 As far from future hope, as present mirth,
 Unto his cote with heavy pace
 As ever sorrow trode,
 He went, with mind no more to trace
 Where mirthful swaines abode,
 And as he spent the day
 The night he past alone ;
 Was never Shepheard lov'd more deere,
 Nor made a truer mone.

The Shepheard's Pipe,
 Eclogue 4, by W. Browne.

An ELEGY on the late Lord WILLIAM
HOWARD, Baron of EFFINGHAM,
dead the 10th of December, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I strive
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords alive.
The dead I ſerve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour; nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no penance warnes, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me.
As I can ſpare from my owne husbandry:
And 'till ghoſts walke, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too;
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their journies they endur'd,
What certainties of honour and of worth,
Their moſt uncertaine life-times have brought forth:
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Envy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions, Reason, or my Lord?
Did the whole man rely upon a word,
A badge of title, or above all chance,
Seem'd he as ancient as his cogniſance?
What did he? acts of mercy, and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his traine?

Was

Was his essentiall table full as free
 As boasts and invitations use to be ?
 Where if his russet-friend did chance to dine,
 Whether his fatten man would fill him wine ?
 Did he thinke perjury as lov'd a sinne,
 Himselfe forsworne, as if his slave had beene ?
 Did he seeke regular pleasures ? was he knowne
 Just husband of one wife, and she his owne ?
 Did he give freely without pause or doubt,
 And read petitions, ere they were worne out ?
 Or should his well-deserving client aske,
 Would he bestow a Tilting or a Maske
 To keepe need vertuous ? and that done not feare
 What Lady damn'd him for his absence there ?
 Did he attend the Court for no man's fall ?
 Wore he the ruine of no Hospitall ?
 And when he did his rich apparell don,
 Put he no widow, nor an orphan on ?
 Did he love simple vertue for the thing ?
 The King for no respect but for the King ?
 But above all, did his Religion wait
 Upon God's Throne, or on the Chaire of State ?
 He that is guiltie of no Quære here,
 Out-lasts his epitaph, oulives his heire.
 But there is none such, none so little bad,
 Who but this negative goodnesse ever had ?
 Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
 He's rather in the wombe than on the earth.
 And 'twere a crime in such a publike fate,
 For one to live well and degenerate ;
 And therefore I am angry, when a name
 Comes to upbraid the world like Effingham.
 Nor was it modest in thee to depart
 To thy eternall home, where now thou art,
 Ere thy reproach was ready ; or to dye,
 Ere custome had prepar'd thy calumny.

Eight dayes have past since thou hast paid thy debt
 To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet,
 Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
 And have no use of slander or of wit ;
 But (which is monstrous) though against the tide,
 The watermen have neither rayld nor lide.
 Of good and bad there's no distinction known,
 For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
 It seemes we all are covetous of Fame,
 And hearing what a purchase of good name
 Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to encrease
 Our title by the holding of some lease
 From thee our Land-Lord, and for that th' whole crue
 Speake now like tenants ready to renew ;
 It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,
 Death hath disorder'd all, misplacing thee,
 Whilst now thy Herauld in his line of heines
 Blots out thy name, and fills the space with teares.
 And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
 Made thee, preposstrous, ancient to thy father,
 Who grieves th' art so, and like a glorious light
 Shines ore thy Hearse ; he therefore that would write
 And blaze thee thoroughly, may at once say all
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
 Let others write for glory or reward,
 Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

Corbet's Poems.

p. 22, 1647. Ed. Lond.

ELEGY ON DR. AILMER.

NO, no, he is not dead ; the mouth of Fame,
Honor's shrill Herald, would preserve his name,
And make it live in spite of death and dust,
Were there no other heaven, no other trust.
He is not dead : the sacred Nine deny,
The foule that merits fame, should ever dye ;
He lives ; and when the latest breath of fame
Shall want her trumpe to glorify a name,
He shall survive, and these selfe-closed eyes,
That now lie slumbring in the dust shall rise,
And fill'd with endlesse glory, shall enjoy
The perfect vision of eternall joy.

13 El. by F. Quarles.
Subjoined to Sion's Elegies,
1630.—Ed.

On the Death of a SCOTCH NOBLEMAN.

FAME, register of Time,
 Write in thy scrowle, that I
 Of Wisdome lover, and sweet Poesie,
 Was cropped in my prime :
 And ripe in worth, though greene in yeares did dye.

Drummond, p. 203.
 Small 8vo. Ed.

M O R S T U A.

METHINKES, I see the nimble aged Sire
 Passe swiftly by, with feet unapt to tire ;
 Upon his head an Hower-glasse he weares,
 And in his wrinkled hand a sythe he beares,
 (Both instruments, to take the lives from men)
 Th' one shewes with what, the other sheweth when.
 Methinkes, I heare the dolefull passing-bell,
 Setting an onfet on his louder knell ;
 (This moody musick of impartiall death
 Who dances after dances out of breath).

Methinkes

Methinkes I see my dearest friends lament,
 With sighes and teares, and wofull dryriment,
 My tender wife and children standing by.
 Dewing the Death-bed, whereupon I lye :
 Methinkes. I hear a voice (in secret) say,
" Thy glasse is runne, and thou must dye to-day."

Pentelogia, by F. Quarles.
 Lond. 1630.

Upon the Death of CHARLES the First.

Written with the Point of his Sword.

GREAT, good, and just ! could I but rate
 My grief to thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,
 As it should deluge once again.
 But since thy loud-tongu'd blood demands supplies,
 More from Briareus hands, than Argus eyes,
 Il'e sing thee obsequies with trumpet sounds
 And write thy Epitaph in blood and wounds.

MONROSE.

Printed amongst Poems by J. Cleaveland,
 1665, Lond. Ed. See likewise, A
 Choice Collection of Comic and Se-
 rious Scots Poems. Edinburgh 1713.

A N E L E G Y

Upon the Honourable HENRY CAMBELL,

Sonne to the Earle of A R.

IT's false Arithmaticke to say thy breath
 Expir'd to soone, or irreligious death
 Prophan'd thy holy youth ; for if thy yeares
 Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
 Thou didst the old Methusalem outlive.
 Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
 Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre
 Of thy brave youth by vertue's wondrous powre
 Was lengthen'd to a yeare, each well-spent day
 Keepes young the body, but the soule makes gray.
 Such miracles workes goodnesse ; and behind
 Thou 'ast left to us such stories of thy minde
 Fit for example ; that when them we read,
 We envy Earth the treasure of the dead.
 Why doe the sinfull riot and survive
 The feavers of their surfets ? why alive
 Is yet disorder'd Greatnesse, and all they
 Who the loose lawes of their wilde blood obey ?
 Why lives the gamester, who doth blacke the night
 With cheats and imprecations ? Why is light

Looked

Looked on by those whose breath may poison it :
Who sold the vigor of their strength and wit
To buy diseases : and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didst adore, lost in thy youth ?

But Ile not question fate : Heaven doth convey
Those first from the darke prison of their clay
Who are most fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
Hadst tane degrees, those dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace safely dost sub sist,
And through the cannons blew and horrid mist
Hadst brought her light ; and now wert so compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.

Thy death was timely then bright soule to thee,
And in thy fate thou suffer'dst not ; 'twas we
Who dyed rob'd of thy life : in whose increase
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did share : and thou away we feare
Didst with thee, the whole stocke of honour beare.
Each then be his own mourner : we'll to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

Castara, 1640. Edit.
by W. Habington, Esq.

THE EXEQUY.

ACCCEPT thou Shrine of My dead Saint
Instead of dirge: this complaint ;
And for sweet flowres to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss ! since thy untimely fate
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee : thou art the book,
The library whereon I look
Though almost blind, for thee (lov'd clay)
I languish out not live the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practise with mine eyes :
By which wet glasses I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns : this, onely this
My exercise and bus'ness is :
So I compute the weary houres
With sighs dissolved into show'ers.

Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous ;
Thou hast benighted me, thy set,
This Eve of blackness did beget,
Who wast my day, (though overcast
Before thou hadst thy noontide past)

And I remember must in tears,
 Thou scarce hadst seen so many years
 As day tells houres, by thy clear Sun
 My love and fortune first did run ;
 But thou wilt never more appear
 Folded within my hemisphear,
 Since both thy light and motion
 Like a fled star is fall'n and gon,
 And twixt me and my soules dear wish
 The earth now interposed is,
 Which such a strange eclipse doth make
 As ne're was read in Almanake.

I could allow thee for a time
 To darken me and my sad clime
 Were it a month, a year, or ten,
 I would thy exile live till then ;
 And all that space my mirth adjourn,
 So thou would'st promise to return ;
 And putting off thy ashy shrowd
 At length disperse this sorrow's cloud.

But woe is me ! the longest date
 Too narrow is to calculate
 These empty hopes : never shall I
 Be so much blest as to descry
 A glimpse of thee, till that day come
 Which shall the earth to cinders doome,
 And a fierce feaver must calcine
 The body of this world like thine,
 (My little world !) that fit of fire
 Once off, our bodies shall aspire
 To our soules blis : then we shall rise,
 And view ourselves with cleerer eyes
 In that calm region, where no night
 Can hide us from each others sight.

Mean time, thou hast her Earth : much good
 May my harm do thee, since it stood

With

With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her, whom living I lov'd best :
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prethee look
Thou write into thy dooms-day book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy casket shrin'd doth ly :
See that thou make thy reck'ning streight,
And yield her back again by weight ;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each graine and atome of this dust,
As thou wilt answer *Him* that lent,
Not gave thee my dear monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my Bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves ; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there ; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay ;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my weft

Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowfie gale.

Thus from the Sun my bottom steers
And my dayes compass downward bears;
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vane first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy

Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.

But heark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by Thee.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort, Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Dr. King's Poems. p. 57.

Of my deare Sonne, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compil'd
 The songs of Death, forget my sweetest child,
 Which like a flow'r crush'd, with a blast is dead,
 And ere full time hangs downe his smiling head,
 Expecting with cleare hope to live anew,
 Among the Angels fed with heav'nly dew?
 We have this signe of joy, that many dayes,
 While on the earth his struggling spirit stayes,
 The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
 His onely food, his sleepe, his ease from paines.
 O may that sound be rooted in my mind
 Of which in him such strong effect I find.
 Deare Lord, receive my Sonne, whose winning love
 To me was like a friendship, farre above
 The course of nature, or his tender age,
 Whose lookes could all my bitter griefes assuage,
 Let his pure soule ordain'd sev'n yeeres to be
 In that fraille body, which was part of me,
 Remaine my pledge in Heav'n, as sent to shew,
 How to this port at ev'ry step I goe.

Bosworth Field, with other
 Poems, by Sir John Beaumont.
 Lond. 1629. Ed.

The

The Funerals of the Honourable, my best friend
and Kinsman, GEORGE TALBOT Esq;

GOE stop the swift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coast, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day rise
From the faire East of some bright beauties eyes :
Else vaunt not the proud miracle of verse.
It hath no powre, for mine from his blacke herse
Redeemes not Talbot, who could as the breath
Of Winter, coffin'd lyes ; silent as Death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his soft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy virtues spun
Out to a length, thou hadst out-liv'd the Sunne
And clos'd the world's great eye : or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadst received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o'er Death, inspir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in is vaine
And empty triumph : Art cannot regaine
One poore houre lost, nor reskew a small flye
By a foole's finger destinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great soule) for set
At liberty by Death thou owest no debt

T' exacting Nature : live, freed from the sport
 Of time and fortune in yond' starry court
 A glorious potentate, while we below
 But fashion wayes to mitigate our woe.
 We follow camps, and to our hopes propose
 Th' insulting victor ; not remembring those
 Dismemberd trunkes who gave him victory
 By a loath'd fate : we covetous merchants be
 And to our ayms pretend treasure and sway,
 Forgetfull of the treasours of the sea,
 The shootings of a wounded conscience
 We patiently sustaine to serve our sence
 With a short pleasure ; so we empire gaine
 And rule the fate of buisnesse, the sad paine
 Of action we contemne, and the affright
 Which with pale visions still attends our night.
 Our joyes false apparitions, but our feares
 Are certain prophecies, and till our eares
 Reach that celestiallyl musique, which thine now
 So cheerefully receive, we must allow
 No comfort to our griefes : from which to be
 Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Castara. 1640. Lond. I
 by W. Habington.

On two Children dying of one disease, and buried
in one grave.

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,

Two tender Children here entombed are :

One place, one Sire, one Womb their being gave,

They had one mortal Sicknefs, and one grave,

And though they cannot number many years

In their account, yet with their Parents tears

This comfort mingles ; though their dayes were few

They scarcely finne, but never sorrow knew :

So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence

What riper ages lose, their innocence,

You pretty losses, that revive the fate

Which in your Mother Death did antedate,

O let my high-swoln grief distill on you

The saddest drops of a Parentall dew :

You ask no other dower then what my eyes

Lay out on your untimely exequies :

When once I have discharg'd that mournfull skore,

Heav'n hath decreed you ne're shall cost me more,

Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,

By taking this inheritance of dust.

Dr. King's Poems, p. 60.



ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

To the Memory of BEN JONSON, Laureat.

FATHER of Poets, though thine own great day
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame
Kindled from thine, flies upward towards thy name:
For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access:
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those
Who hide and cover what they should disclose,
Yet where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some that draws the veil between.

And what can more be hop'd, since that divine
Free filling spirit takes its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now,
Like Witches charm, yet not know whence, nor how,
And through distemper grown not strong, but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse;
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess.

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
So well present, and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures, but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custome, and not custome thee;

Manners

Manners were themes, and to thy scenes still flow
 In the same stream, and are their comments now ;
 These times thus living o'er thy models, we
 Think them not so much Wit, as Prophecie ;
 And though we know the character, nay and swear
 A Sybil's finger hath been busie there.
 Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
 For publike, stamp'd by Thee, grow thence thine own ;
 Thy thought's so ordered, so express'd, that we
 Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see :
 Language so master'd that thy numerous sect
 Laden with genuine words do alwaies meet
 Each in his art, nothing unfit doth fall,
 Shewing the Poet, like the wise men, all
 Thine equall skill thus wresting nothing, made
 Thy pen seem not so much to write, as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
 Conceive or shew, proportion'd Decency,
 Is not found scatter'd in thee here or there,
 But like the soul is wholly every where ;
 No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
 Thou alwaies dost unty, not cut the knot :
 Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
 Which ties and runs through all that's done or said ;
 No Power comes down with learned hat or rod,
 Wit onely and Contrivance is thy God.

'Tis easie to gild gold, there's small skill spent
 Where ev'n the first rude mass is ornament ;
 Thy Muse took harder metals, purg'd and boyl'd,
 Labour'd and try'd, heated and beat, and toyl'd,
 Sifted the dross, fyl'd roughness, then gave dress,
 Vexing rude subjects into comeliness ;
 Be it thy glory then that we may say,
 Thou runest where the foot was hind'ed by the way.

Nor dost thou powre out, but dispence thy vein,
 Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain ;

Not like our Wits, who into one piece do
 Throw all that they can say and their friends too ;
 Pumping themselves for one Terms noise to dry
 As if they made their wills in poetry.
 And such spruce compositions press the Stage
 When men transcribe themselves and not the Age ;
 Both sorts of Plays are thus like pictures shown,
 Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.

Thy models yet are not so fram'd as we
 May call them libels, and not imag'ry ;
 No name on any basis ; 'tis thy skill
 To strike the vice, but spare the person still ;
 As He who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
 About his sleeping Son, and as he breath'd,
 Drink in his soul, did so the shoot contrive,
 To kill the beast, but keep the child alive ;
 So dost thou aim thy darts, which even when
 They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
 Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
 Thy lancings better than an other's cure ;
 And justly too, for th' Age grows more unsound
 From the fool's balsam, than the wise man's wound.

No rotten talk breaks for a laugh ; no Page
 Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy Stage ;
 No bargaining line there ; no provoc'tive verse ;
 Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse ;
 No need to make good count'nance ill, and use
 The plea of strict life for a looser Muse ;
 No woman rul'd thy quill : we can defy
 No verse born under any Cynthia's eye ;
 Thy star was Judgement only and right Sense,
 Thy self being to thyself an influence :
 Stout Beauty is thy Grace ; stern pleasures do
 Present delights, but mingle horrors too :
 Thy Muse doth thus like Jove's fierce Girl appear,
 With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Where are they now that cry thy lamp did drink
 More Oyl than th' Author wine while he did think ?
 We do embrace their slander ; thou hast writ
 Not for dispatch, but fame ; no market wit ;
 'Twas not thy care that it might pass and sel,
 But that it might endure, and be done well ;
 Nor would'st thou venture it unto the ear,
 Untill the file would not make smooth, but wear :
 Thy Verse came season'd hence, and would not give ;
 Born not to feed the Author, but to live :
 Whence 'mong the choicer Judges rose a strife,
 To make thee read a Classick in thy life.
 Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
 Cause they can Poems form upon one leg,
 Write not to Time, but to the Poet's day ;
 There's difference between Fame and sudden pay :
 These men sing Kingdoms fals as if that Fate
 Us'd the same force to a Village and a State ;
 These serve Thyestes' bloody Supper in,
 As if it only had a sallad been ;
 Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
 Not to the fame of Battell but of Prize.
 But thou still putst true passions on ; dost write
 With the same courage that tri'd captains fight ;
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things ;
 Low without creeping, high without loss of wings ;
 Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
 Big without swelling, without painting, fair ;
 They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Wits are not, but materials of wit.
 What though thy searching Muse did rake the dust
 Of Time, and purge old metals of their rust ?
 Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
 Snatch shipwracks from the deep as divers do ?
 And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
 Making the Sea's hid wealth adorn the Land ?

What though thy culling Muse did rob the store
 Of Greek and Latine Gardens, to bring o'er
 Plants to thy native soyl? their virtues were
 Improv'd far more, by being planted here:
 If thy still to their essence doth refine
 So many drugs, is not the water thine?
 Thefts thus become Just Works; they and their grace
 Are wholly thine; thus doth the stamp and face
 Make that the King's that's ravish'd from the mine;
 In others then 'tis oare, in thee 'tis coin.
 Blest life of Authors unto whom we owe
 Those that we have, and those that we want too;
 Thou art all so good that reading makes thee worse,
 And to have writ so well's thine onely curse;
 Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
 That servile base dependance upon Fate;
 Success thou ne'er thought'st Vertue, nor that fit
 Which Chance, or th' Ages Fashion did make hit;
 Excluding those from life in after-time,
 Who into Po'try first brought luck and rime;
 Who thought the Peoples breath good air, still'd name
 What was but noise, and getting briefs for fame
 Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
 Made commendations a benevolence:
 Thy thoughts were thy own lawrell, and did win
 That best applause of being crown'd within.
 And though th' exacting Age, when deeper years
 Had interwoven snow among thy heirs,
 Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
 Ne'er by their writing knew thee young; we may
 Say justly, they're ungratefull, when they more
 Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
 'Thine art was thine acts blur, and they'l confess
 Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thee less:
 But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
 And we adore the last draughts of thy quill;

Though

Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasie Age
 Doth count but clods, and refuse of the Stage,
 Will come up porcelane wit some hundreds hence,
 When there will be more manners and more sence;
 'Twas judgement yet to yeeld, and we afford
 Thy silence as much fame as once thy word:
 Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
 Wast food before, and now religion;
 Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
 View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast,
 Like curing gold, most valu'd now thou 'rt lost;
 When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
 We shall from corn to akorns turn agen;
 Then shall we see that these two names are one
Jonson and *Poetry*, which now are gone.

Comed. Trag. Com. with other
 Poems by W. Cartwright.
 Lond. 1651. Ed.

Upon the Earle of Coventryes departure from
us to the Angels.

SWEET Babe, whose birth inspir'd me with a song,
And call'd my Muse to trace thy dayes along ;
Attending ripper yeeres, with hope to finde
Such brave endeavours of thy noble minde,
As might deserve triumphant lines, and make
My fore-head bold a lawrell crowne to take :
How hast thou left us, and this earthly Stage,
(Not acting many months) in tender age ?
Thou cam'st into this world a little Spie,
Where all things that could please the eare and eye,
Were set before thee, but thou found'st them toys,
And flew'st with scornfull smiles t' eternall joyes :
No visage of Grim Death is sent t' affright
Thy spotlesse soule, nor darknesse blinds thy sight ;
But lightsome Angels with their golden wings
Ore-spread thy cradle, and each spirit brings
Some precious balme, for heav'nly physicke meet,
To make the separation soft and sweet.
The sparke infus'd by God departs away,
And bids the earthly weake companion stay
With patience in that nurs'ry of the ground,
Where first the seeds of Adam's limbes were found :

For

For time shall come when these divided friends
Shall joyne againe, and know no severall ends,
But change this short and momentary kisse
To strict embraces of celestiall blisse.

Bosworth-field and other Poems
by Sir J. Beaumont—Ed. 1629.

On Lady Katherine Paston, who died March 10,
1628.

CAN Man be silent and not praises find,
For her who lived the praise of woman-kind,
Whose outward frame was lent the world to geve,
What shapes our souls shall wear in happines,
Whose virtue did all ill so overfwaye,
That her whole life was a communion daye.

From the Church of Paston,
Norfolk.

On

On Eleanor Freeman, who died A. D. 1650,
aged 21.

A Virgin blossom in her May,
Of youth and virtues turn'd to clay;
Rich earth accomplish'd with those graces
That adorn Saints in heavenly places.
Let not Death boast his conquering power
She'll rise a Star, that fell a Flower.

From the Church of Tewksbury,
Gloucestershire.

NEAR to this Eglantine
Enclosed lies the milke-white Armeline;
Once Chloris onlie joye,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the most happy swaines,
That keepe their flockes on Mountaines, Dales, or Plaines:
For oft she bore the wanton in her arme,
And oft her bed and bosom did him warme;
Now when unkindly fates did him destroy,
Blest dog he had the grace,
With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

Drummond, p. 203. Ed. 8vo.

MISCELLA-

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

To the Queen, entertain'd at Night by the
Countess of Anglesey.

FAIRE as unshaded light ; or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
Sweet, as the Altars smoak, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swel'd by the early dew ;
Smooth, as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard :
Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer farre,
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are ;
You that are more, then our discreter feare
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here ?
Here, where the Summer is so little seen,
That leaves, (her cheapest wealth) scarce reach at green.
You come, as if the silver Planet were
Misled a while from her much-injur'd Sphere,
And t' ease the travailes of her beames to-night,
In this small Lanthorn would contract her light.

The Works of Sir W. Davenant,
Lond. 1673. Fol. p. 218.

L O V E.

L O V E.

LOVE's sooner felt, then seen ; his substance thinnē
 Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies :
 Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtil ginne ;
 He therefore sooneſt winnes that faſteſt flies.
 Fly thence, my dear, fly faſt, my Thomalin :
 Who him encounters once, for ever dies :
 But if he lurke between the ruddy lips,
 Unhappie ſoul, that thence his nectar ſips,
 While down into his heart the ſugred poiſon ſlips !

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare :
 Oft from a bluſhing cheek he lights his fire :
 Oft ſhrouds his golden flame in likeſt hair :
 Oft in a ſoft-smooth ſkin doth cloſe retire :
 Oft in a ſmile : oft in a ſilent teare :
 And if all fail, yet Vertue's ſelf he'll hire :
 Himſelf's a dart, when nothing els can move.
 Who then the captive ſoul can well reprove,
 When Love, and Vertue's ſelf become the darts of Love ?

Piſcat. Eclog. by Ph. Fletcher,
 Ecl. 6. St. 12, 13. Ed. 1633.

JEALOUSY.

J E A L O U S Y.

O Jealousy! Daughter of Envy and Love,
 Most wayward issue of a gentle Sire ;
 Foster'd with fears, thy Father's joys t' improve ;
 Mirth-marring Monster, born a subtle liar ;
 Hateful unto thyself, flying thine owne desire ;
 Feeding upon Suspect, that doth renew thee ;
 Happy were Lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou interest by,
 Condemning trembling Passions to our heart :
 Hundred-ey'd Argus, ever-waking spy,
 Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's snart,
 Envious observer, prying in every part :
 Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee ;
 O would to God that Love could be without thee !

Daniel's Compl. of Rosamond,
 Ed. 1718, vol. I. p. 51.

A Vow to Love faithfully howsoever he be
rewarded.

SET me whereas the Sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beames do not dyssolve the yie,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
In presence prest of people, made or wise ;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
In clearest skye, or where cloudes thickest be,
In lusty Youth, or when my haire is graye :
Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or else in Hell,
In hyll, or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
Thrall, or at large, alyve whereso I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good ;
Here will I be, and only with this thought,
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

Lord Surrey.

To

To A. L. Perswasions to LOVE.

STARVE not yourfelfe, because you may
 Thereby make me pine away ;
 Nor let brittle beautie make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake :
 For that lovely face will faile,
 Beautie's sweet, but beautie's fraile ;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done
 Then Summer's raine, or Winter's sun ;
 Most fleeting when it is most deare,
 'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
 Whose every haire a soule doth bind,
 Will change their auborn hue, and grow
 White, and cold as Winter's snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
 Nor lilly shall be found nor rose.
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call ?
 Like swallows when their summer's done,
 They'll flye and seeke some warmer Sun.

Poems by T. Carew, Esquire.
 Lond. Ed. 1640.

HUE

HUE and CRY after CHLORIS.

I.

TELL me, ye wandring Spirits of the aire,
 Did you not see a Nymph more bright, more faire
 Than Beautie's darling, or of looks more sweet
 Than stolne content? If such an one you meet,
 Wait on her hourly wheresoere she flies,
 And cry, and cry, Amyntor for absence dies.

II.

Go search the vallies; pluck up ev'ry rose,
 You'll find a scente, a blushe of her in those;
 Fische, fish for pearle, or corall, there you'll see
 How oriental all her colours bee.
 Go call the echoes to your aide, and cry,
 Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I die.

III.

But stay awhile, I have inform'd you ill,
 Were she on Earth she had been with me still:
 Go fly to Heav'n, examine ev'ry sphere,
 And try what star hath lately lighted there;
 If any brighter than the sun you see,
 Fall down, fall down and worshipping it, for that is she.

Select Ayres. Printed
 for J. Playford, 1659.

L O V E's servile Lot.

LOVE, mistresse, is of many minds,
 Yet few know whom they serve,
 They reckon least how little Love
 Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit
 The sense from reason's lore,
 She is delightfull in the rine,
 Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth vice in vertue's vaile,
 Pretending good in ill,
 She offereth joy, affordeth griefe,
 A kisse where she doth kill.

A honey-shower raines from her lips,
 Sweet lights shine in her face,
 She hath the blush of virgine mind,
 The mind of vipers race.

She makes thee seeke, yet feare to find;
 To finde, but not enjoy:
 In many frownes some gliding smiles
 Shee yeelds to more annoy.

8. MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth she draw it from thee,
Farre off she makes thy hart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

She letteth fall some luring baits
For fooles to gather up ;
Too sweete, too sowre, to everie taste
She tempereth her cup.

Soft foules she binds in tender twist,
Small flies in spinners webbe ;
She sets afloate some luring streames
But makes them soone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes have burning force ;
Her floods and flames conspire :
Tears kindle sparks, sobs fuell are,
And sighs doe blow her fire.

May never was the Month of Love,
For May is full of flowers ;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For Love is full of showers.

Like Tyrant, cruel wound she gives,
Like Surgeon, salve she lends ;
But salve and fore have equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With soothing words, intralld soules
She chaines in servile bands ;
Her eye in silence has a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her

Her little sweet hath many sowres,
 Short hap immortal harmes ;
 Her loving lookes are murd'ring darts,
 Her songs bewitching charmes.

Like Winter rose and Summer life
 Her joyes are still untimely ;
 Before her Hope, behind Remorse :
 Faire first, in fine unscemely.

Moodes, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
 Attend upon her traine :
 She yeeldeth rest without repose,
 And Heaven in hellish paine.

Her house is Sloth, her doore Deceite,
 And slipperie Hope her staires ;
 Unbathfull Boldnes bids her guests,
 And every Vice repaires.

Her dyet is of such delights
 As please till they be past ;
 But then the poyson kills the hart,
 That did entise the taste.

Her sleepe in Sinne doth end in Wrath,
 Remorse rings her awake ;
 Death calls her up, Shame drives her out,
 Despaires her up-shot make.

Plow not the seas, sowe not the sands,
 Leave off your idle paine ;
 Seeke other mistresse for your mindes,
 Love's service is in vaine.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

Wherein eche thing reneweth, save only the Lover.

THE soote Season that bud and bloome fourth bringes,
 With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
 The Nightingall with feathers new she singes ;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale :
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes ;
 The hart hath hong hys olde hed on the pale,
 The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges ;
 The fishes flete with new repayred scale ;
 The adder all her slough away she flynges ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,
 The busy bee her hony now she mynges ;
 Winter is worne that was the floures bale ;
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
 Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

Lord SURREY.

VERSES

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I Greeve and dare not shewe my discontent,
 I love and yet am forst to seeme to hate,
 I doe yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seeme starke mute, but inwardly doe prate
 I am and not, I freeze and yet am burn'd
 Since from myself, my other selfe I turn'd.

My care is like my shaddowe in the sunne
 Followes me flinging, flies when I pursue it,
 Standes and lies by me, does what I have done,
 This too familiar care does make me rue it,
 No meanes I finde to rid him from my brest,
 Till by the end of thinges it be suppress.

Some gentler passions slide into my minde,
 For I am foste and made of meltinge snowe;
 Or be more cruell, Love, and so be kynd,
 Let mee or flote or sinke, be high or lowe,
 Or let me live with some more sweete content,
 Or dye and soe forget what love ere meant.

Signed, "*Finis, Eliza. Regina*, upon
 Mount Zeurs departure," Ashmol.
 Mus. MSS. 6969. (781) p. 142.

To Mrs. E. B. upon a sudden Surprisal,

A PELL E S, prince of Painters, did
 All others in that art exceed :
 But you surpass him, for he took
 Some pains and time to draw a look,
 You, in a trice and moment's space,
 Have pourtray'd in my heart your face.

Poems by J. Howell.
 1664. Lond. Ed.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

N O T stayed state, but feeble stay,
 Not costly robes, but bare array ;
 Not passed welth, but present want.
 Not heped store, but slender skant,
 Not plenties purse, but poore estate,
 Not happy hap, but froward fate ;
 Not wish at wil, but want of joy,
 Not harts good helth, but harts annoy :

No

Not freedoms use, but prisoners thrall,
 Not costly seate, but lowest fall:
 Not weale I meane, but wretched wo,
 Doth truely try, the freend from foe:
 And nowght but frowarde Fortune proves,
 Who fauning faines, or simply loves.

Paradise of Dainty Deuise.
 Fol. 1, 3. signed M. Yloop.

AN APOSTROPHE TO CHARITY.

WHERE is this love become in later age?
 Alas! 'tis gone in endlesse pilgrimage
 From hence, and never to returne, I doubt,
 Till revolution wheele those times about;
 Chill brests have starv'd her here; and she is driven
 Away; and with Astræa fled to Heaven.
 Poore Charity, that naked Babe, is gone,
 Her honey's spent, and all her store is done;
 Her wingleffe bees can finde out ne're a bloome,
 And crooked Até doth usurpe her roome;
 Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drinke,
 And curs'd Ardenne flowes above the brinke.

A Feast for Wormes. Med. 5.
 1650. Lond. by F. Quarles,

TO CHASTITY,

O Chastity, the flower of the soule,
 How is thy perfect fairnesse turn'd to soule !
 How are thy blossomes blasted all to dust,
 By sudden lightning of untamed lust !
 How hast thou thus defil'd thy iv'ry feet !
 Thy sweetnesse that was once, how far from sweet !
 Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek ?
 Thy lamb-like countenance, so faire, so meeke ?
 Where is that spotlesse Flower that while-ere
 Within thy lily-bosome thou didst weare ?
 Has wanton Cupid snatcht it, hath his dart
 Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart ?
 Where dost thou bide ? the Country halfe disclaimes thee,
 The City wonders when a body names thee :
 Or have the rurall woods ingroft thee there,
 And thus forestall'd our empty markets here ?
 Sure thou art not, or kept where no man shewes thee
 Or chang'd so much, scarce man or woman knowes thee.

Hist. of Queen Ester,
 by F. Quarles.

To

To his Sonne VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well :
I wish thee (*Vin*) before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health ;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undoe thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at Court
Not to build on but support ;
To keepe thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor lazy nor contentious dayes ;
And when thy soule and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

Certain Elegant Poems, Written
by Dr. Corbet, &c. Lond. 1647.

THE SURRENDER.

MY once dear Love, hapless that I no more
 Must call thee so ; the rich affections store
 That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
 Like summes of treasure unto bankrupts lent.
 We that did nothing study but the way
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day
 Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
 Must learn the hateful art how to forget.
 We that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
 Beyond that wish, all these now cancell must
 As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.
 Yet witness those cleer vows which Lovers make,
 Witness the chaste desires that never brake
 Into unruly hearts ; witness that brest
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,
 'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
 As thy pure self, cross Planets did envie
 Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
 Faster then vows could binde. O that the Starres
 When Lovers meet, should stand oppos'd in warres !
 Since then some higher Destinies command,
 Let us not strive nor labour to withstand

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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What is past help, the longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief;
And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.
Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves
That must new fortunes trie, like Turtle Doves
Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself, so thou againe art free.
Thou in an other, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover ere did lend.
Now turn from each, so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorce't soul from her body parts.

Dr. King's Poems,
p. 24.

THE LEGACY.

MY dearest Love! when thou and I must part
And th' icy hand of Death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine; within some spacious will
I'll leave no blanks for legacies to fill:
'Tis my ambition to dye one of those
Who but himself hath nothing to dispose,
And since that is already thine, what need
I to re-give it by some newer deed?
Yet take it once again, free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance:

Who

Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
 Proclaims his bounty richer then his store.
 But let me not upon my Love bestow
 What is not worth the giving. I do ow
 Somewhat to dust: my bodies pamper'd care
 Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
 That moul'dring relick which in earth must lie
 Would prove a gift of horreur to thine eie
 With this cast ragge of my mortalitie
 Let all my faults and errours buried be.
 And as thy fear-cloth rots, so may kind fate
 Those worst acts of my life incinerate.
 He shall in story fill a glorious room
 Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one tomb,
 If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
 Some melting sighs as thy last offering,
 My peacefull exequies are crown'd, nor shall
 I ask more honour at my Funerall.
 Thou wilt more richly 'balm me with thy tears
 Then all the nard fragrant Arabia bears.
 And as the Paphian Queen by her griefs show'r
 Brought up her dead Love's Spirit in a flow'r:
 So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eies,
 Out of my dust, O may some Vertue rise!
 And like thy better Genius thee attend,
 Till thou in my dark period shalt end.
 Lastly, my constant truth let me commend
 To him thou choosest next to be thy friend.
 For (witness all things good) I would not have
 Thy Youth and Beauty married to my grave,
 'Twould shew thou didst repent the style of wife
 Should'st thou relapse into a single life.
 They with preposterous grief the world delude
 Who mourn for their lost mates in solitude;

Since Widdow-hood more strongly doth enforce
 The much-lamented lot of their divorce.
 Themselves then of their losses guilty are
 Who may, yet will not suffer a repaire.
 Those were Barbarian wives that did invent
 Weeping to death at th' Husband's monument,
 But in more civil Rites she doth approve
 Her first, who ventures on a second Love;
 For else it may be thought if she refrain,
 She sped so ill she durst not trie again,
 Up then my Love, and choose some worthier one
 Who may supply my room when I am gone;
 So will the stock of our affection thrive
 No less in death, then were I still alive.
 And in my urne I shall rejoyce, that I
 Am both Testatour thus and legacie.

Dr. King's Poems,
 p. 28.

THE PRIMROSE.

A SKE me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant year;
Aske me why I send to you,
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in Your eares,
The sweets of Love are wash't with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, Greene, and sickly too;
Aske me why the stalke is weake,
And bending yet it doth not breake;
I must tell you these discover,
What doubts and feares are in a Lover.

Poems by T. Carew Esquire.
Lond. 1640.

A CAUTION

A CAUTION FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

BEWARE, fair Maid, of mighty Courtiers oaths,
 Take heed what gifts or favours you receive ;
 Let not the fading glosse of filken cloaths
 Dazzle your vertues, or your fame bereave :
 For once but leave the hold you have of Grace,
 Who will regard your fortune or your face ?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,
 When none regard the stalke it growes upon ;
 Basenesse desires the fruit still to devoure,
 And leave the tree to fall or stand alone :
 But this advise, fair Creature, take of mee,
 Let none take fruit unlesse hee'll have the tree.

Beleeve not oaths, nor much-protesting men,
 Credit no vowes, nor a bewailing song ;
 Let Courtiers sweare, forweare, and sweare agen,
 The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue :
 For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
 Beleeve them least for then they most dissemble.

Beware

46 MISCELLANEOUS PIÈCES.

Beware lest Cæsus doe corrupt thy minde,
Or fond Ambition sell thy modesty;
Say, though a King thou even courteous finde,
Hee cannot pardon thy impurity.

Begin with Kings, to subjects you will fall,
From Lord to Luckey, and at last to all.

See Epigrams subjoin'd to J. Sylvester's
Du Bartas. 1641. Lond.

The Frailtye and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

BRITTLE Beautie that Nature made so fraile,
Whereof the gifte is final, and short the Season;
Flowring to-day, to-morrowe apt to faile,
Tickled treasure, abhorred of reason:
Dangerous to deale with, vaine, of none availe,
Costly in keeping, past, not worthe two peason;
Slipper in-sliding, as is an Eies taile;
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason.
Jewell of jeopardie, that peril doth assaile,
False and untrew, enticed oft to treason;
Enemy to Youth, that most may I bewaile;
Ah bitter swete! infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute, that with the frost is taken,
To-day redy ripe, to-morrowe al to shaken

Lord SURREY.

T O T H E R O S E.

SWEET Rose, whence is this hue
 Which does all hues excell ?
 Whence this most fragrant smell ?
 And whencee this form and gracing grace in you ?
 In flow'ry Pæstum's fields perhaps you grew,
 Or Hybla's hills you bred,
 Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
 Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon flew ;
 Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
 In that dear blood, which makes you look so red ?
 No, none of these, but cause more high you blist,
 My Lady's breast you bore, her lips you kist.
 Drummond's Son, and Madrig,
 Edinb. Ed. 1711. Fol.

DRY those fair, those chrystal eyes
 Which like growing fountains rise
 To drown their banks. Griefs fullen brooks
 Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
 Thy lovely face was never meant
 To be the shoar of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish starres again,
 Which else portend a lasting rain ;
 Lest the clouds which settle there
 Prolong my Winter all the Year :
 And the example others make
 In love with Sorrow for thy sake.

Dr. King's Poem
 p. 19.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy : there's none
 Now my little Sparrow's gone ;
 He, just as you,
 Would toy and woove,
 He would chirp and flatter me,
 He would hang the wing awhile,
 Till at length he saw me smile,
 Lord how fullen he would be ?

He would catch a crumb, and then
 Sporting let it goe agen,
 He from my lip
 Would moysture sip.
 He would from my trencher feed,
 Then would hop, and then would run,
 And cry *Philip* when h' had done,
 O whose heart can choose but bleed ?

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

99

O how eager would he fight,
And ne'r hurt though he did bite :
 No morn did pass
 But on my glass
He would fit, and mark, and do
What I did, now ruffle all
His feathers o'r, now let 'em fall
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts ;
 A wound he may,
 Not Love convey,
Now this faithfull Bird is gone,
O let mournfull Turtles joyn
With loving Red-breasts, and combine
To sing Dirges o'er his stone.

Com. Trag. Com. with other
Poems, by Mr. W. Cartwright.
Lond. 1651.

H z

MADRIGAL

M A D R I G A L.

MY Thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that Prince, which here doth monarchize,
But he grim-grinning King,
Who catives scorns, and doth the blest surprise
Late having deckt with Beauty's Rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.
Drummond. Edinb. 1711. Fol. Ed.

SONNETS.

S O N N E T S.

To Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

TH O' I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn ;
This but a lightning is : truce ta'en to breath
For late-born sorrows augure fleet return.
Amid thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad name :
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave ;
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove,
To 'grave this short remembrance on my grave ;
" Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
" The murmuring Esk—may roses shade the place."
Drummond.

T O D E L I A.

LOOK Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
 The image of thy blush, and Summer's honour !
 Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
 That full of Beauty, Time bestowes upon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
 But strait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline ;
 She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the Fair ;
 So fade the roses of those cheeks of thing !
 No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
 Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now :
 Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow,
 Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain
 But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

Daniel XXXVI. Son,

A Vision upon this conceit of the Fairy Queen.

METHOUGHT I saw the Grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the Vestal Flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen :
At whose approach, the Soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen.
For they this Queen attended ; in whose steed
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And grones of buried Ghosts the Heavens did perse.
Where Homer's Spright did tremble all for grief
And curst th' access of that celestial Thief.

Sir W. Raleigh.

T O S L E E P.

S L E E P, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft rest,
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortalls brings,
 Indifferent Host to shepherds and to kings,
 Sole comforter of minds with griefs oppress.
 Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumbring, with forgetfulnesse possist,
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowse wings
 Thou spares (alas) who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,
 With fained solace ease a true-felt woe,
 Or if, deafe God, thou doe denie that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
 I long to kisse the image of my death.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

TO THE RIVER ANKOR.

CLEAR Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrin'd Saint, my fair Idea lies,
 O blessed Brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,
 Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
 Gently distills his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers ;
 Say thus, fair Brook, when thou shalt see thy Queen,
 Lo, here thy Shepherd spent his wand'ring years ;
 And in these shades, dear Nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears :
 Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
 And thou, Sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

Drayton, LIII. Son.

I know

I Know that all beneath the Moone decayer,
 And what by mortalles in this world is brought,
 In Time's great periods shall returne to nought,
 That fairest states have fatall nights and dayes :
 I know how all the Muses heavenly layes ;
 With toyle of spright which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought,
 And that nought lighter is than airie praise.
 I know fraile Beautie like the purple flowre,
 To which one morne of birth and death affords,
 That Love a jarring is of mindes accords,
 Where Sense and Will invassall Reason's power :
 Know what I list, this all can not mee move
 But that (oh mee !) I both must write and love.
Drunmond, Edinb. 1616.

RESTORE thy Tresses to the golden Oar ;
 Yield Citherea's Son those Arks of Love ;
 Bequeath the Heav'ns the Stars that I adore ;
 And to th' Orient do thy Pearls remove.
 Yield thy hands pride unto the ivory white ;
 T' Arabian Odors give thy breathing sweet ;
 Restore thy Blush unto Aurora bright ;
 To Thetis give the honour of thy Feet.

Let

Let Venus have thy Graces her resign'd ;
 And thy sweet Voice give back unto the Spheres ;
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruel Mind
 To Hyrcan Tygers, and to ruthless Bears,
 Yield to the Marble thy hard Heart again ;
 So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

Daniel, XIX. Son.

1718. Ed. 2 V.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free,
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows,
 That we one jot of former love retain ;
 Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Dayton, LXI. Son.

TO HIS LUTE.

MY Lute, bee as thou wast, when thou didst grow
 With thy greene mother in some shadie grove,
 When immelodious windes but made thee move,
 And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
 Sith that deare voyce, which did thy sounds approve
 Which used in such harmonious straines to flow,
 Is rest from Earth to tune those spheares above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
 Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
 But orphane wailings to the fainting eare,
 Each stoppe a sigh, each sound drawes forth a teare,
 Be therefore silent as in woods before,
 Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,
 Like widow'd Turtle still her losse complaine.

Drummond, Edin. Ed. 1616.

To

T O S L E E P.

CARE-charmer Sleep, Son of the fable Night;
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born:
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The Shipwreck of my ill-advised Youth:
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the torments of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;
 Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Daniel, XII. Son.

My

MY heart was slain, and none but you and I;
 Who should I think the murder should commit?
 Since but yourself there was no creature by,
 But only I; guiltless of murd'ring it,
 It slew itself; the verdict on the view
 Do quit the dead, and me not accessory:
 Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
 The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
 But O, see, see, we need enquire no further,
 Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
 And in your eye the Boy that did the murder,
 Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.
 By this I see, however things be past,
 Yet Heaven will still have murder out at last.

Drayton, II. Son.

ALEXIS, here shee stay'd, among these pines
 (Sweet Hermitresse) shee did alone repaire,
 Here did she spreade the treasure of her haire,
 More rich than that brought from the Cholchian mines.
 She set her by these musket Eglantines;
 The happie place the print seemes yet to beare,
 Her voyce did sweeten here thy sugred lines,
 To which windes, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their care;
Mee

Mee here she first perceiv'd, and here a morne
 Of bright carnations did orespreade her face,
 Here did shee sigh, there first my hopes were borne,
 And I first got a piedge of promis'd grace :
 But ah ! what serv'd it to be happie so ?
 Sith pass'd pleasures double but new woe.

Drummond.

UNTO the boundless Ocean of thy Beauty,
 Runs this poor River, charg'd with streams of zeal,
 Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
 Which here my Love, my Youth, my Plaints reveal.
 Here I unclasp the Book of my charg'd foul,
 Where I have cast th' Accounts of all my care :
 Here have I summ'd my sighs ; here I enroll
 How they were spent for thee ; look what they are,
 Look on the dear expences of my Youth,
 And see how just I reckon with thine eyes :
 Examine well thy beauty with my truth ;
 And crosse my cares, ere greater sums arise.
 Read it, sweet Maid, tho' it be done but slightly ;
 Who can shew all his Love, doth love but lightly.

Daniel, I. Son.

Trust

TRUST not, sweet Soule, those curled waves of gold
 With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
 Nor temples spread with flakes of virgine snow,
 Nor snow of cheekes with Tyrian graine enroll'd.
 Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
 When first I did their burning rayes beholde,
 Nor voyce, whose sounds more strange effects doe show
 Than of the Thracian Harper have beene tolde :
 Looke to this dying Lille, fading Rose,
 Darke Hyacinthe, of late whose blushing beames
 Made all the neighbouring herbes and grasse rejoyce,
 And thinke how little is twixt Life's extreames :
 The cruell Tyrant that did kill those flow'rs,
 Shall once (aye mee !) not spare that Spring of yours.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

LOVE banish'd Heaven, in Earth was held in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
 And wanting friends, tho' of a Goddess born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as pass'd by :
 I, like a man devout and charitable,
 Cloathed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
 With sighs and teares still furnishing his table,
 With what might make the miserable blest :

But this Ungrateful, for my good desert,
 Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
 And set my breast, his lodging on a fire,
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
 No marvel then tho' charity grow cold.

Drayton, XXIII. Son.

WHAT doth it serve to see Sunnes burning face?
 And skies enamell'd with both Indies gold?
 Or moone at night in jettie chariot roll'd?
 And all the glorie of that starrie place?
 What doth it serve Earth's beautie to behold?
 The mountaines pride, the meadowes flowrie grace;
 The statelie comelineffe of Forrests old,
 The sport of flowds which would themselves embrace?
 What doth it serve to heare the Sylvans songs,
 The wanton Mearle, the Nightingalle's sad straines,
 Which in darke shades seeme to deplore my wrongs?
 For what doth serve all that this world containes,
 Sith Shee for whom those once to mee were deare,
 No part of them can have now with mee heare.

Drummond.

WH Y should I sing in verse, why should I frame
 These sad neglected notes for her dear sake ?
 Why should I offer up unto her name,
 The sweetest sacrifice my youth can make ?
 Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
 That never deigns to give me joy to live ?
 Why should my afflicted muse so much endeavour
 Such honour unto cruelty to give ?
 If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
 What should her virtues do, her smiles, her love ?
 If this her worst, how should her best inflame ?
 What passions would her milder favours move ?
 Favours, I think, would sense quite overcome,
 And that makes happy Lovers ever dumb.

Daniel, XVII. Son.

IF crost with all mishaps be my poor Life,
 If one short day I never spent in mirth,
 If my spirit with itself holds lasting strife,
 If Sorrowes death is but new Sorrowes birth ?
 If this vaine World bee but a sable stage
 Where slave-born Man playes to the scoffing starres,
 If Youth be tois'd with Love, with Weaknesse Age,
 If Knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in warres ?

If

If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
 And make what's long since past, like that to bee,
 If Vertue only bee an idle name,
 If I when I was borne was borne to die?
 Why seeke I to prolong these loathsome dayes,
 The fairest rose in shortest time decayes.

Drummond.

TO THE SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodlie traine,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
 The Zephyres curl the greene lockes of the plaine,
 The cloudes for joy in pearles weepe down their show'rs.
 Thou turn'st (sweet Youth) but ah my pleasant howres,
 And happie dayes with thee come not againe,
 The sad memorialls only of my paine
 Doe with thee turne, which turne my sweets in sow'rs.
 Thou art the same which still thou was before,
 Delicious, wanton, amiable, faire,
 But thee, whose breath embaulmed thy wholesome aire,
 Is gone: nor gold nor gemmes her can restore.
 Neglected Vertue, Seasons goe and come
 While thine forgot lie closed in a Tombe.

Drummond.

L O O K E how the flowre, which lingringlie doth fade,
The Morning's Darling late, the Summer's Queene,
Spoyl'd of that juice, which kept it fresh and Greene,
As high as it did raise, bowes low the head ;
Right so my Life (Contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but onellie scene)
With swifter speedes declines than eare it spred,
And (blasted) scarce now shoves what it hath beene.
As doth the Pilgrime therefore whom the night
By darknesse would imprison on his way,
Thinke on thy Home, (my Soule) and thinke aright,
Of what yet restes thee of Life's wasting day:
Thy Sunne postes westward, passed is thy morne,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

Drummond, Flowres of Stone
Ed. 1630, 4to.

T O T H E N I G H T I N G A L E.

SWEET Bird, that sing'st away the early howres,
 Of winters past, or comming void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present are,
 Faire Seasones, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowres :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavie bowres
 Thou thy Creator's goodnesse dost declare,
 And what deare gifts on thee hee did not spare,
 A staine to humane fence in sin that lowres.
 What Soule can be so ficke, which by thy songs
 (Attir'd in sweetnesse) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget Earth's turmoiles, spights and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven ?
 Sweet artlesse Songstarre, thou my minde dost raise
 To ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels layes.

Drummond's Flowers of Sion,

S P E E C H E S.

Harold's speech before the Battle of Hastings,

" S E E valiant War-friends yonder be the first, the last,
and all

The agents of our Enemies, they hencefoorth cannot call
Supplies; for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
Then conquer these would conquer you, and dread no further
foe.

They are no stouter than the Brutes, whom we did hence
exile:

Nor stronger than the sturdy Danes, our victory ere while:
Not Saxonie could once containe, or scarce the world beside
Our fathers, who did sway by sword where listeth them to bide:
Then doe not yee degenerate, take courage by descent,
And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight pre-
vent.

Yee have in hand your Countries cause, a conquest they pre-
tend,

Which (were yee not the same yee be) even cowards would de-
fend.

I graunt

I graunt that part of us are fled and linked to the foe,
 And glad I am our Armie is of traytours cleered so :
 Yea pardon hath he to depart that slayeth mal-content :
 I prise the mind above the man, like zeale hath like event.
 Yeat truth it is, no well or ill this Island ever had,
 But through the well or ill support of subjects good or bad :
 Not Cæsar, Hengest, Swayn, or now (which neretheles shall
 fayle)
 The Normane Bastard, Albion true, did, could, or can pre-
 vayle.
 But to be selfe-false in this lile a selfe-foe ever is,
 Yeat wot I, never traytour did his treasons stipend mis.
 Shrinke who will shrink, let armors wayte presse downe the
 burd'ned earth,
 My foes, with wondring eyes shall see I over-prize my death.
 But since ye all (for all, I hope, alike affected bee,
 Your wives, your children, lives, and land, from servitude to
 free)
 Are armed both in shew and zeale, then gloriously contend,
 To winne and weare the home-brought spoyles, of Victorie
 the end.
 Let not the Skinners daughter Sonne possesse what he pre-
 tends,
 He lives to die a noble death that life for freedome spends."

Duke WILLIAM's Speech.

"**T**O live upon or lie within this is my ground or grave
(My loving Souldiers), one of twaine your Duke resolves
to have.

Nor be ye *Normans* now to seeke in what you should be stout,
Ye come amidst the English pikes to hewe your honor out,
Ye come to winne the same by launce, that is your owne by
law,

Ye come, I say, in righteous warre revenging swords to draw.
Howbeit of more hardie foes no passed sight hath spread

yee,
Since Rollo to your now-abode with bands victorious lead
yee,
Or Turchus, Sonne of Troylus, in Scythian Fazo bread
yee.

Then worthy your progenitors yee Seede of Pryam's sonne
Exploit this Buifnesse, Rollons do that which yee wish be
done.

Three people have as many times got and forgone this shore,
It resteth now yee conquer it not to be conquered more:
For Normane and the Saxon blood conjoyning, as it may,
From that comforted seede the Crowne shall never passe away.
Before us are our armed foes, behind us are the seas,
On either side the foe hath holdes of succour and for ease:
But that advantage shall returne their disadvantage thus,
If ye observe no shore is left the which may shelter us,
And so hold out amidst the rough whilst they hale in for lee,
Whereas, whilst men securely sayle, not seidoine shipwracks
bee,

What

What should I cite your passed acts, or tediously incence
To present armes; your faces shew your hearts conociue
offence,

Yea, even your courages devine a conquest not to faile.
'Hope then your Duke doth prophetic, and in that hope
prevaile.

A people brave, a terren Heaven, both objects worth your
warres,
Shall be the prizes of your prow's, and mount your fame
to Starres.

Let not a Traytor's perjur'd Sonne extrude us from our
right:

He dyes to live a famous life, that doth for conquest fight."

Warner's Albion's Engl.
22 Chap. 4 B. 1602. Ed.

NORFOLK's Soliloquy before the Battle of BOSWORTH.

"IF all the Campe prove traytours to my Lord,
I Shall spotlesse Norfolke falsifie his word?
Mine oath is past; I swore t' uphold his crowne,
And that shall swim, or I with it will drowne.
It is too late now to dispute the right,
Dare any tongue, since Yorke spread forth his light,
Northumberland, or Buckingham defame,
'Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumont's name,

Because they in the weaker quarrell die ?
 They had the King with them, and to have I.
 But ev'ry eye the face of Richard thunnes,
 For that soule murder of his brother's sonnes ;
 Yet lawes of Knighthood gave me not a sword
 To strike at him, whom all with joint accord
 Have made my Prince, to whom I tribute bring :
 I hate his vices, but adore the King.
 Victorious Edward, if thy soule can heare
 Thy servant Howard, I devoutly sweare,
 That to have sav'd thy children from that day,
 My hopes on earthe should willingly decay ;
 Would Gloucester then, my perfect faith had tryed,
 And made two graves, when noble Hastings died."

Bosworth Field, p. 7.

King RICHARD's Speech.

—— " MY fellow Souldiers, though your swords
 Are sharpe, and need not whetting by my words ;
 Yet call to minde those many glorious dayes,
 In which we treatur'd up immortal prayles.
 If when I serv'd, I ever fled from foe,
 Fly ye from mine, let me be punisht so ;
 But if my Father, when at first he try'd
 How all his sonnes could shining blades abide,
 Found me an Eagle, whose undazled eyes
 Afront the beames, which from the Steele arise,
 And if I now in action teach the same,
 Know then, ye have but chang'd your Generall's name.

Bo

Be still yourselves, ye fight against the drosse
 Of those, that oft have runne from you with losse.
 How many Somersets, dissentions brands,
 Have felt the force of our revengefull hands !
 From whome this Youth, as from a princely fload,
 Derives his best, yet not untainted blood.
 Have our assaults made Lancaster to droupe ?
 And shall this Welshman with his ragged troupe
 Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
 That onely Merlin may be thought divine ?
 See what a guide these fugitives have chose,
 Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
 Forgets the English language, and the ground,
 And knowes not what our drums and trumpets sound !"

Sir J. Peaumont's Poems.
 Lond. Ed. 1629.

Earl RICHMOND's Speech.

"IT is in vaine, brave friends, to shew the right
 Which we are forc'd to seeke by civill fight.
 Your swords are brandisht in a noble cause,
 To free your Country from a Tyrant's jawes.
 What angry Planet, what disastrous signe
 Directs Plantagenet's afflicted line ?
 Ah, was it not enough, that mutuell rage
 In deadly battels should this race ingage,
 Till by their blowes themselves they fewer make,
 And pillars fall, which France could never shake ?

But

But must this crooked Monster now be found,
 To lay rough hands on that unclosed wound ?
 His secret plots have much increast the flood,
 He with his brother's, and his nephewes blood,
 Hath stain'd the brightnesse of his Father's flowres,
 And made his own white Rose as red as ours.
 This is the day, whose splendour puts to flight
 Obscuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
 We see no hindrance of those wished times,
 But this Usurper, whose depreffing crimes
 Will drive him from the mountaine where he stands,
 So that he needs must fall without our hands.
 In this we happy are, that by our armes
 Both Yorke and Lancaster revenge their harmes.
 Here Henry's servants joyne with Edward's friends,
 And leave their privat griefes for publicke ends."

Sir J. Beaumont.

S P E E C H

**SPEECH of VOADA, Queen of the
BRITTONS, before the Battle with the
ROMANS.**

"MY state and sex, not hand or hart, most valiant Friends,
with-hild

Me (wretched cause of your repaire, by wicked Romans il'd)
From that revenge which I do wish, and ye have cause to
worke:

In which suppose not Voadā in female feares to lurke.
For, loe, myselfe, unlike myselfe, and these same Ladies faire
In armor, not to shrinke an ynh wheare hottest doings are.
Even we do dare to bid the base, and you yourselves shall see
Your selves to come behind in armes: the Romaines too
that be

Such Conquerors, and valiantlie can womankind oppresse,
Shall know that Brittish women can the Romish wrongs re-
dresse.

Then arme ye with like courages as Ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise of onset shall
prevent.

Nor envie that our martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, so much more we desire
Revenge, on those in whose default we are unhallowed thus,
Whilst they forget themselves for men, or to be borne of us:

Ye

Ye yeeld them tribute, and from us their Legions have their
pay ;

Thus were too much, but more then thus, the haughtie
Tirant's sway ;

That I am Queene from being wrong'd doth nothing me
protect :

Their rapes against my Daughters both I also might object :

They maydes deflower, they wives enforce, and use their wils
in all,

And yeat we live; defferring fight, inferring so our fall.

But valiant Brutons, ventrous Scots, and warlike Pichts, I
erre,

Exhorting whom I should dehort, your fearcenes to deferre :
Lesse courage more considerate would make your foes to
quake :

My heart hath joy'd to see your hands the Romaine standards
take.

But when as force and fortune fail'd, that you with teeth
should fight,

And in the faces of their Foes your women, in despight,
Should sing their suckling Babes, I hild such valiantnes but
vaine :

Inforced flight is no disgrace, such flyers fight againe.

Here are ye, Scots, that with the King, my valiant Brother
dead,

The Latines, wondring at your prowes, through Rome in
triumph led :

Ye Mars-star'd Pichtes of Scythian breed are here colleagues,
and more,

Ye Dardane Brutes, last named, but in valour meant before :
In your conduct, most knightly Friends, I superseade the
rest :

Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our best."

Warner's Alb. Eng.
Chap. 18. B. 3. 1602.

MUTIUS

MUTIUS SCÆVOLA to PORSENNA.

BEHOOLD, grim Tyrant, here before thee stands
A man had been thy death, had not these hands
Prov'd traitours to my mind : had made that grave
Been thine, which now's prepared for thy slave.
If Scævola must undergo death's doom,
There's none but will write guiltlesse on his tomb :
I set upon with fearlesse courage those
Who were our Capitols, our Countrie's foes.
Why are the Heavens then thus against me bent ;
And not propitious to my brave intent :
What, are the Gods asham'd to lend their aid ;
Or are they of this Tyrant's pow'r afraid ?
Or have the Fates reserved him that he
In future triumphs might a trophie be ?
Whate'er 'twas made them thus 'gainst me conspire,
It grieves my soul it had not its desire.
Etruria, see what souls the Romans bear,
Admire the noble acts the Latians dare ;
Long after me that will this fact yet do,
There comes an other and an other too ;
There want not those who hope to say they wore
A lawrel died in thy crimson gore :

What

What though thy camp lies free from our alarms,
 And spoils our fields with unrevenge'd harms ;
 We scorn with baser blood to stain a dart,
 O King, that's only level'd at thy heart :
 Our nobler swords will drink the blood of none,
 But thy heart-blood, Porfenna, thine alone ;
 Those who their hands will strait in it imbrue,
 Walk intermix'd with thy armed crew.
 Methinks I see at present one thee note,
 Who strait will hide his weapon in thy throat ;
 Hence, therefore, think each hower of thy breath,
 To be th' assured hower of thy death ;
 Thou dost with warlike troup's our wals surround,
 Hoping to lay them level with the ground,
 And think'st to famish us, whilst o'er thy head,
 Hangs a revengeful arm will strike thee dead ;
 That glorious diadem which now I see
 Circles thy brow, was hop'd a spoil by mee ;
 That purple robe invests thy loins shal lie,
 Thy blood be tinged in a deeper dy :
 That very scepter which thy hand sustains,
 Shal, turn'd a club, dash out thy curst brains ;
 Now rule, now lord and king it, with this fate,
 Expecting still the period of thy date.
 Methinks I see how on thy curled brow,
 Self-rendring Vengeance sits enthron'd, and how
 Thy thoughts already tear me ; yet I feel
 No horror, nor my frighted body reel,
 No trembling in my joynts ; know, king, I can
 Both do and suffer above the reach of man :
 In free born souls pale terror never stood
 In competition with their Countries good ;
 Those souls in whom aspiring fame her spear
 Hath plac't, neglect the precipice of fear ;
 This sacred altar, these pure fires shal be
 Witnesses of our undaunted constancy ;

Thi

This hand to Roman freedom so unjust,
 Shall for its penance be consum'd to dust;
 Nor is it cruel, but most right its doom,
 Since liberty it could not yield to Rome."

John Dancer's Poems.
 Ed. 1669.

A Reconciliation effected between the two brothers, BRENN and BELINE, at the intercession of their Mother CONUVENNA.

" I Dare to name ye Sonnes, because I am your Mother, yet
 I doubt to tearme you Brothers that doe brotherhood
 forget.
 These prodigies, their wrothfull shields, forbidden foe to
 foe,
 Doe ill besee me allyed hands, even yours allyed foe.
 O, how seeme Oedipus his Sonnes in you againe to strive?
 How seeme these swords in me (aye me) Jocasta to revive?
 I would Dunwallo lived, or ere death, had lost againe
 His Monarchie, sufficing fower, but now too small for twaine.
 Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elsewhere:
 Or for the finalnes of your power, agree at least for feare.

But pride of ritch and romesome Thrones, that wingeth now
 your darts,
 It will (I would not as I feare) worke sorrow to your harts.
 My Sonnes, sweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mother's
 wordes attend,
 And for I am your Mother, doe conclude I am your frend :
 I cannot counsell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
 But as a woman, and the same whose blood was once your
 meate :
 Hence had ye milke (she baerd her paps) these armes did
 hug ye oft :
 These fyed hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye
 soft :
 These lips did kisse, or eyes did weep, if that ye were un-
 queat,
 Then ply I did, with song, or sighes, with dance, with tung,
 or teate :
 For these kind causes, deere my Sonnes, disarme yourselves :
 it not,
 Then for these bitter teares that now your Mother's cheekes
 do spot :
 Oft urge I Sonnes and Mothers names, names not to be
 forgot.
 Send hence these Souldiers : yee, my Sons, and none but yee
 should fight :
 When none should rather be as one, if Nature had her
 right.
 What comfort, Beline, shall I speede ? sweete Brenn shall I
 prevaile ?
 Say yea, sweete Youthes, ah yea, say yea : or if I needes must
 faile,
 Say noe : and then will I begin your battell with my baile,
 Then then some stranger, not my Sonnes, shall close me in the
 Earth
 When we by armor over soone shall meet, I feare, in death."

This

This sayd, with gushing teares eftsoones she plyes the one
and other,
Till both did shew themselves at length Sonnes worthy such a
Mother :

And with those hands, those altred hands, that lately threatned
bloes,

They did embrace: becomming thus continuall friends of
foes.

Warner, Alb. Eng.
Chap. 16. B. 3.



NOTES.

VOLUME I.

Page 2. Wring her white hands, &c.

Thus Johnson. Yet Vane could tell what ills from Beauty spring :
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd the King.
Vanity of Hum. With.

See likewise page 67, where Rosamond has the same reflection.

Page 4. These lines of Fletcher are a paraphrase, or rather translation from Boethius. The whole description is forcible : some of the circumstances perhaps are heightened too much ; but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himself in every aggravation that Poetry allows, and to stretch his prerogative of " quidlibet audendi " to the utmost. This subject, versified in a very inferior style, occurs in his Poetical Miscellanies, p. 79, subjoined to the P. Island.—For the effects of music on the Infernal Regions it may be almost impertinent to refer the reader to the story of Orpheus, 4. Georg. Virgil ; and the very masterly introduction of it by Pope in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. The same effect is represented by Horace as produced by the harps of Sappho and Alcæus, 2 Lib. 13. Od. 33. See also his Ode to Mercury, 3 Lib. 11. Od. 15. &c. See likewise Milton's P. Lost, 2 B. 546. 555.

Page 6. This description was immediately taken from Spenser's Bower of Bliss, F. Queen. 12 B. 12 Canto ; upon ideal Paradises of the kind, the best Poets in almost all ages and nations have lavished their descriptive powers. Homer has his Gardens of Alcinous, and Virgil his Elysium, Ariosto his Island of Alcina, and Tasso his Garden of Armida, Camoens his Garden of Venus, Marino his Gardens of Adonis, and lastly, Du Bartas and

Milton their Gardens of Eden. Those who wish for minute and descriptive information on this subject, are referred to Mickle's Dissertation. See Lusiad, page 424.

Yet stately *portance*, &c.

Thus Milton of Eve,

————— She Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like *deport*. B 9. P. L. 389.

There *port* was more than human, as they stood. Comus, 297.

Page 7. The inner porch seem'd entrance to intice.
See Spenser, St. LIII. LIV. 11 B. 12 Cant.

Page 8. Which *shellified* the roof with painted colour.

A word in use amongst the Poets of that day. Drayton has it in his Legend of Matilda:

By him who strives to *shellify* her name.

Again in Drummond:

With roses here she *shellified* the ground. Son. 41.

Jetting Jacks. The word *jetting* seldom occurs applied to a person; it seems here to imply that restless and unsettled state peculiar to idleness. It is used by Quarles, describing the Haggard: he says, that she

Jets oft from perch to perch— 1 Emb. 3 B.

Sylveſter in his translation of Du. Bartas, has borrowed many of Niccol's lines from this description, which he has printed with very slight alterations, and amongst other expressions he applies this to Vice. It will be sufficient to refer to the passage, see Fol. Edit. 1641. Lond. p. 101. *Jacks* is a common expression denoting contempt with our older writers. Thus in the Mirror for Magistrates we meet with

No golden churl, no elbow-vanting *Jacks*. P. 563.

We still say contemptuously, "a Jack in Office."

Page 9. ——— *flickering* eye.

A very expressive epithet; it is used by Dyer in his truly classical Poem, the Fleece, to denote the tremulous and fluctuating motion of the waves:

Till, rising o'er the *flickering* wave, the Cape
Of Finesterre, &c. 4 B.

The concluding circumstances of this Piece are literally taken from Spenser, whose exquisite lines will not it is hoped, be considered as unnecessary here.

Estfoons

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious found
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner musick that mote be;
 For all that pleasing is to living ear,
 Was there comforted in one harmony,
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempt'ed sweet;
 Th' angelical soft-trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine response meet:
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:

The gentle-warbling wind low answered to all.

LXX. LXXI.

P. 10. In the edition of Christ's Victory, together with the Purple Island, in 1783, many unwarrantable liberties are taken with the text, nor is the least apology for the proceeding offered, or even the circumstance itself mentioned. In almost every page injuries are done to the sense, where improvements were intended. The republication seems to have originated from a Letter of Harvey's (see Let. Ll. 2 vol.), and to have been executed upon the ridiculous plan he there proposes. Now it is the indispensable duty of every Editor of an ancient poet, to exhibit the spelling of his author in the exact state in which he found it, (unless indeed in such words as are evidently mistakes of the press,) in order that the reader may trace the progress of orthography, together with that of Poetry. Where this practice is not observed, a republication is not merely imperfect but dangerous, as it leads to an infinity of mistakes, and can answer no possible end but that of multiplying the number of our books without adding to the sources of our information. Whoever therefore takes up the edition alluded to for the purpose of enjoying the poetry, making an extract, or a reference, can never be safe as to the authenticity of a single stanza. A neat republication of all Giles and Phineas Fletcher's Poetry from the old editions faithfully reprinted, is much wanted.

Elonging joyfull day.

G. Fletcher has a similar term in the same Poem. C 1. 41 Stan.

As when the cheerfull sunne *elamping* wide.

It is in vain to search for either of these expressions in the Modern Edition, as they are there thus altered:

As when the cheerfull sun, *light spreading wide*.

37 St. C. 1. Mod. Ed.

K 4

Keeping.

Keeping back joyful day.

Drammond in his prose works uses *evanishing*. See p. 222. Edin. Edit. 1711.
 "Riches being momentary and *evanishing*."

The most material features of this description are taken from Spenser, F. Queen. B. 1. C. 9. Stan. 33, 36. This is a curious instance of Plagiarism, and serves to shew us what little ceremony the Poets of that day laboured under in pilfering from each other. The reader will be amply repaid for his trouble in turning to the passage in Spenser, who seems to have put forth all his strength to render the picture complete, and it is in delineations of such a hue that he peculiarly excels. The limits of my book will not permit me to quote the passage at length. See also Britannia's Pastorals by Browne, vol. I. p. 162, Thomp. Edit.

Page 13. And on their masts where oft the ship-boy stood,
 ————
 Some weary'd crow is set.

This Image reminds us of a very spirited passage in Churchill:

Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
 And on the sails of Commerce bitterns rest. G O T H A M.
 ———— intreating at his doore
 For some reliefe whom he secured before—

a striking circumstance, perfectly similar to a well-known passage of Young:

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd. Night 1.

Page 5. Wishing for death, and yet he could not die.

Prayers are idle, Death is woo'd in vain;
 In midst of death poore wretches long to die.
 See Purple Island, C. 6. St. 37.

No Poet has exceeded Milton on this subject, whose lines are far too well known to be here quoted:

His cap borne up with staring of his haire.

A very original incident.

Mr. Hogarth, in his figure of Richard the Third, in the Tent Scene, has represented the ring of the Tyrant as having started beyond the joint of his finger with the violent agitation of his frame. The incident is such as a man of genius only could have conceived, though many look at the picture without attending to the sublimity of it.

Page 17. — the still night's *feers* was he.

i. e. companion. Shakspeare's eulogium on Sleep deserves a place here as well for its beauty as its resemblance in some degree to Sackville's:

—— the

----- the innocent Sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of Care,
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast.

MACFITE.

Page 18. The infirmities of Age are no where more emphatically enumerated than in Juvenal, 10 Sat. 190, &c. Churchill, who has an exclusive right to the title of the British Juvenal, has some good lines on this subject. See his Gotham, B. 1. p. 11, 12. 3 vol.

Page 22. And Priam eke in vaine, &c.
The death of Polites, 2 Æn. 526, 537. Virgil. Which affords an excellent subject for a picture; but the Poet in his general account of the sacking of Troy, preceeding this particular description, has a circumstance relative to the death of Old Priam not sufficiently attended to as a beauty, yet eminently fine, and which is one of those few strokes that at once evince the superiority of Poetry over Painting:

Vidi Hecubam, centumque muris Priamumque per aras
Sanguine fœdantem, *quæ ipse sacraverat igni.*

501.

A skilful Painter might have judiciously selected a few of the most interesting, and most melancholy spectacles of the night; he might, by a proper disposition of them, have successfully conveyed to our minds the distress of Hecuba and her female attendants, at the sight of Pyrrhus and the two sons of Atreus; all our finer feelings might have been fully excited by the dead body of Priam himself, at the foot of the altar: but to have told us, that this very altar to which he had vainly fled for protection, and near which he now lay dead, had formerly, in the hour of peace and prosperity, been consecrated by his own hand, would have baffled the powers of his pencil, and have forced from him a confession to this effect; "*Nunc non licet esse tam disertis!*" Dr. Blair in his Lectures on Rhetoric, in his remarks on Virgil's talents for poetical description, expressly selects this passage, and observes, that "The death of Priam, especially, may be singled out as a master-piece of description." Vol. III. 169. but this the most material circumstance seems to have escaped him:

Page 25. ----- ordain'd to be
A lasting fame to Edward's victory.

His crest was three ostrich feathers; and his motto, these German words, *Ich dien, I serve*, which the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of this great victory. HUMPH.

Page 26. Antonio Dorta. SPEED.

Page 27. In the time of May a variety of words were unsettled as to their accent, and were used either short or long, according to the will or necessity of the Poet. For instance:

By this strict meannes were more ascertain'd thego.
Must contribute to Philip's overthrow.

Page 26.

Thus

Thus in Browne's Pastorals;

Not that by mounds *unmowed*, and joint estate. B. L. Song 2.
In three Battails, &c. &c.

Holinshed's account of the disposition of the English Army, is as follows:—"Then he ordained three battels, in the first was the Prince of Wales, and with him the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Godfrey of Harecourt, the Lord Salkard, the Lord de la Ware, the Lord Bouchier, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, the Lord Thomas Holland, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew Brewhast, Sir Robert Nevill. They were eight hundred men of armes, and two thousand archers, and a thousand of others, with the Welshmen. In the second battell was the Earle of Northampton, the Earle of Arundell, the Lords Ros and Willowbie, Becket, S. Albine, Multon, and others. The third battell the King led himselfe, having with him seven hundred men of armes, and two thousand archers; and in the other battell even to the number of eight thousand men of armes, and twelve hundred archers. Thus was the English armie marshalled according to the report of Froissard." Chron. p. 371.

Page 28. Darke grew the troubled ayre, &c. &c.

Both Speed and Holinshed mention this. The following extract is from the latter: "Also at the same instant there fell a great raine, and an eclipse with a terrible thunder, and before the raine there came flying over both armies a great number of crows, for feare of the tempest coming." P. 372.

Twixt both the Marshalls, &c. &c.

Thus placed to the best advantage, King Edward visiteth the ranks in person, riding upon a pleasant hobby (having onely a white roe in his hand, as if he would chastise fortune) betwene the two Marshalls of his field: whose very presence, with a few seasonable and unenforced words on behalfe of God and his right, in steed of long orations, did inspire the faintest hearts among them with firehest vigour and alacritie. SPEED, 577

Page 32. Horror in all her saddest shapes appear'd.

Sir P. Sidney has a very sublime description of a field of Battle: "And now the often changing fortune began also to change the hue of the battels; for, at the first, though it were terrible, yet terror was decked so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pencils, that the eye with delight had scarce leisure to be afraid: but now all universally defiled with dust, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the mask, and set forth Horror in his own horrid manner.

Pemb. Arcadia, B. III. 446.

Page 33. But most the warrelike Monarch of Boheme, &c. &c.

The circumstance of his valiant death, and the flight of his son, is thus mentioned by Holinshed:—"The valiant king of Bohem being almost blind, caused his men to fasten all the reins of the bridels of their horses each to other, and so he being himselfe amongst them in the foremost ranks, they ran on their enemies. The lord Charles of Boheme, sonne to the same king,

king, and late elected emperor, came in good order to the battel; but when he saw how the matter went awrie on their part, he departed and saved himself. His father, by the means aforesaid, went so far forward, that, joining with his enemies, he fought right valiantlie, and so did all his companie: but finally being entred within the prease of their enemies, they were of them inclosed and slaine, together with the king their master, and the next daie found dead, lieng about him, and their horses all tied ech to other. P. 372.

The attitude May has represented the brave old King as found in, is a very fine one:

*His cold dead hand did yet that sword retain
Which living erst it did so bravely wield.*

One of the finest of the Marlborough gems, a copy of which collection was some short time since presented by the Duke to the Bodleian Library, is a dying Amazon; she is drawn as just falling from her horse, and supported by an attendant in all the languor of death, but still grasping her bow in her right hand. In the very elegant explanation that accompanies the plate are these words: "*Penthesilean esse credimus: quæ licet spiritum ægræ trabens nondum tamen arcum e manu emisit.*" 48 Gem. Some of the most remarkable and most striking beauties in Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, are taken immediately from the agonies of Death. Virgil has a circumstance in this way full of horrid minuteness, which is by some considered as a blemish, but surely too fastidiously:

*Te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quærit
Semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retrahant.* Æn. x. 395.

The same Poet, in describing the arms of Minerva, represents the Medusa on her breast-plate as still rolling its eyes after the head is severed from the neck:

*———— ipfamque in pectore Divæ
Gorgona, defecto vertentem lumina colio.* Æn. VIII. 437.

For remarks on similar subjects, see Mr. Spence's most excellent Essay on the Odyssey, p. 44, 45.

Page 34. A most compleat and glorious victory.

The slaughter of the Frenchmen was great and lamentable, namely for the losse of so manie nobleman, as were slaine at the same battell, fought between Cressie and Broy on the saturday next following the feast of Saint Bartholomew being (as that yeare fell) the 26th. of August. Among others which died that daie, theis I find registered by name as cheefest, John King of Boheme, Rafe Duke of Lorraine, Charles of Alanfo, brother germane to King Philip, Charles Earle of Blois, Lewis Earle of Flanders, also the Earle of Harecourt, brother to the Lord Geoffrie of Harcourt; with the Earles of Auslere, Aumerle, and Saint Poule, besides diverse other of the nobilitie. Holinshed's Chron. 372. The number of the slain (according to Hume) was as follows; "On the day of battie, and on the ensuing, there fell, by a moderate computation, 1200 French Knights,

Knights, 1400 gentlemen, 4000 men at arms, besides about 30,000 of inferior rank."—On the side of the English, he says, "there were killed in it only one Esquire, and three Knights, and a very few of inferior rank."

Pages 35 and 36. These beautiful lines seem to have suggested the plan of a most exquisite little piece called "*The Hamlet*," by Mr. T. Warton, which contains such a selection of beautiful rural images as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language presents us with. The latter part of it more closely reminds us of Fletcher. A shepherd's life is to be found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. Cant. 9, St. 20. See likewise J. Sylvester's *Translation of Du Bartas*. Ed. 1641. page 29, 30.

Page 37. It may not be amiss to set before the reader a few extracts from our old Historians, relative to the castle of Nottingham, and the capture of Mortimer there. "There was in the castle of Nottingham (and at this day is), a certaine secret way or mine cut through a rocke, upon which the said castle is built, one issue whereof openeth toward the river Trent, which runnes under it, and the other venteth it selfe farre within upon the sun face, and is (at this present) called *Mortimer's hole*; through this the young King, well armed and strongly seconded, was conducted with drawne swords, by some his trusty and sworne servants (among which was that brave Montacute, whom his virtues under this King raised to the Earldome of Salisbury, &c. &c.) up to the Queene's chamber, whose dore (so fearless is blinded affection) was unshut, and with her was Mortimer ready to goe to bed, whom, with the slaughter of a Knight, and one or two that resisted, they laid hold upon. This was not reputed a slender enterprise, in regard, that in Mortimer's retinue were not fewer (they say) then one hundredth and fourscore Knights, besides Esquires and Gentlemen. Speed's *Chron.* Ed. 1627, p. 582."

Leland, in his *Itinerary*, gives a very particular account of the place, but too long for insertion here. What directly relates to Mortimer is this: "The dungeon or kepe of the Castel stondith by South and Est, and is exceeding strong *et natura loci et opere*. Ther is an old fair chapelle, and a well of a gret depthe; and there is also a chochlea with a turret over it, wher the keepers of the Castella say Edward the thirde's band cam up thorough the rok, and toke the Earle Mortymer Prisoner. Ther is yet a faire staire to go downe by the rok to the ripe of line." Hearne's Edit. fol. 3, 1745. Holinshed's account is the following;—In a parlement holden at Nottingham, about saint Luke's tide, Sir Roger Mortimer, the earle of March, was apprehended the seventeenth day of October, within the castell of Nottingham, where the king with the two queenes, his mother and his wife, and diverse other were as then lodged, and though the keies of the castell of Nottingham were daile and nightlie in the custodie of the said earle of March, and that his power was such, as it was doubted how he might be arrested (for he had, as some writers affirme, at that present in retinue nine score knights, besides esquires, gentlemen and yeomen) yet at length by the king's helpe, the lord William Montacute, the lord Humfrie de Bohun, and his brother Sir William, the lord Rafe Statford, the lord Robert Clifford, the lord William Clinton, the lord John Nevill of Hornbie, and diverse other, which had accused the said earle of March for the murder of king Edward the second, found means by intelligence had with Sir William de Chand, constable of the castell of Nottingham,

Nottingham, to take the said earle of March, with his sonne the lord Roger or Geoffrey Mortimer, and Simon Bereford, with other. — Sir Hugh Trumpington (or Turrington as some copies have), that was one of his cheefest freends, with certaine other, were slaine as they were about to resist against the lord Montacute and his company in taking of the said earle. The manner of his taking I passe over, bicause of the diversitie in report thereof by fundrie writers. From Nottingham he was sent up to London with his sonne the lord Roger or Geoffrey de Mortimer, Sir Simon Bereford, and the other prisoners, where they were committed to prison in the Tower. Shortlie after was a parlement called at Westminster, cheefelic (as was thought) for reformation of things disordered through the misgovernance of the earle of March. But whosoever was glad or sorie for the trouble of the said earle, suerlie the queene mother took it most heavilie above all other, as she that loved him more (as the same went) than stood with her honour. For as some write, she was found to be with child by him. They kept, as it were, house together; for the earle, to have his provision the better cheape, laid his penie with hers, so that his takers served him as well as they did hir, both of vittels and cariages; of which misusage (all regard to honour and estimation neglected) everie subject spake shame. For their manner of dealing, tending to such evill purposes as they continuallie thought upon, could not be secret from the eyes of the people, and their offense heerein was so much the more heinous, because they were persons of an extraordinarie degree, and were the more narrowlie marked of the multitude or common people. P. 349.

Page 39. ——— an *estate* of lawn.

That is, a *canopy* of lawn. *State* was the word more commonly used.

His high throne which under *flare*
Of richest texture. Book X, p. 441, Paradise Lost.

Page 46. And through the *ragged entrails* of the cave.

Thus Shakespeare in a much-admired simile :

Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
That shews the *ragged entrails* of this pit.

Titus And. Scene VI.

Page 47. Carnarvon Edward's manes had possest
The roome, &c. &c.

On Mortimer's impeachment, the first of the five articles laid to his charge, was, "That he had procured Edward of Carnarvon, the king's father, to be murdered, in most heinous and tyrannous manner, within the castle of Berkleie." Holinshed, p. 349.

Page 48. Dear Son (for well she knew her son was there), &c. &c.

May seems here to have consulted Stow in his account. "Upon a certaine night, the king lying without the castle (Nottingham) both he and his friends were brought by torch light through a secret way under ground,

bc-

beginning far off from the fayde castle, till they came even to the Queene's chamber, which they by chance found open: they therefore being armed with naked swords in their hands, went forwards leaving the king also armed without the doore of the chamber, leaft that his mother shoulde espie him: they which entred in flew *Hugh Turpin*, knight, who resisted them, Master *John Newell* of Horn, by giving him his deadly wound. From thence they went toward the Queene Mother, whom they found with the earle of March readie to have gone to bedde: and having taken the fayde Earle, they ledde him out into the hall, after whom the Queene followed, crying, *Bel filz, Bel filz, ayez pitié de gentil Mortimer*: Good sonne, good sonne, take pittie upon gentle Mortimer, for she suspected that her sonne was there, though she saw him not." Chron. fol. 1615, p. 229.

Page 49. The particular relation that the whole of this Piece bears to many passages in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the great sublimity of the Poetry, are reasons sufficient to make it acceptable to every reader of taste, notwithstanding its being a translation. Of the *Sospetto D'Herode* it is to be lamented, that poetical readers in general know so little, from the specimen here produced, every English reader must be inclined to wish for more. A very intelligent correspondent in *Maty's Review* for March, 1785, (Article; Philip's Edition of *Crafshaw*) has told us, that the whole Poem has already been rendered into English verse, and that the title-page of the translation stands thus. "The slaughter of the Innocents by Herod; written in Italian by the famous poet the Cavalier Marino, in four books, newly Englished, 1675; to which is added in my copy in writing, "Englished by T. R.;" to whom the initials T. R. belong I know not; but the translation seems superior to *Crafshaw*."—An Epitome of the 2d book is then given. Surely a republication of this Translation would be highly worth republishing, particularly if executed in a superior style to *Crafshaw*, which seems to me hardly possible.

His eyes the fullen dens of Death and Night, &c.

Milton gives him

————— eyes
That sparkling blaz'd.

193. 1 B.

Milton has this simile of a Comet in his 2d Book.

————— on th' other side,
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood,
Unterrify'd; and like a comet, burn'd,
That fires th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

— 710.

Again, he compares him to the sun in an Eclipse. 598. 1 B. P. Loft.

Page 50. While his steel sides sound with his tail's strong lash.

Thus Milton speaking of the Old Dragon, upon the very same occasion:

Swindges the scaly horror of his tail.

Hymn of the Nativ. 18 Stan.

Page

Page 51. He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigor, &c.

For an opposite picture to this, see Shakspeare's *Midsum. Night's Dream*.

———— hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chill and icy crown
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is as in mockery set.

Act. 2. Sc. 2.

Page 52. He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming Deity.

See Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, where these particulars are most sublimely enumerated, IX Stan. &c. among other portents, that of the Oracles having been all struck dumb is not the most inconsiderable. G. Fletcher, in his *Christ's Victorie*, published in 1610, some time before Milton could possibly have composed his Ode, has a similar idea on the same occasion:

The Angels caroll'd, low'd their songs of peace,
The cursed Oracles wear stricken dumb,
To see their Shepheard, the poore shepheards prefs,
To see their King, the kingly Sophies come. 82 St. Can. 1.

For the fullest information on this subject, see Mr. T. Warton's *Edit. of Milton's Minor Poems*, p. 280, to which this passage may be added:

He shook himself, and spread *his spacious wings*, &c.
In the same style Milton talks of *his jail-broad wings*. B 2. P. Loft.

Page 55. What though I mist my blow, &c.

Thus Milton:

———— what though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. B. 1.

Phineas Fletcher thus, in a similar spirit, describes the Dragon:

Yet full of malice and of stubborn pride.
Though oft had strove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defid:
And mounted on his flaggie sails aloft,
With boundlesse spite he long'd to try again
A second losse, and new death; glad and fain
To shew his pois'nous hate, though ever shew'd in vain.

So ~~up~~ he rose upon his stretched sails,
 Fearless expecting his approaching death :
 So up he rose, that th' ayer starts, and fails,
 And over-pressed * sinks his load beneath :
 So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud,
 Which all the earth with shadows black does shroud :
 So up he rose and through the weary ayer row'd.

P. Island. 12 Can. 58. St.

See also a very spirited Speech in G. Fletcher's *Christ's Triumph*, Part 1.
 20 Stan.

Page 58. The image of Death, who is here described as master of this murderous groupe, being almost out of breath with endless business, can never be sufficiently commended :

The cup they drink in is Medusa's scull.

This circumstance reminds us of a passage in a Runic Ode preserved by Olmus Wormius, the old Scandinavian warrior Lodbrog, disdaining life and thinking on the joys of immortality, which he was soon about to share in the hall of Odin, exclaims in a high spirit of savage sublimity :

Bibemus cerevisiam

Ex concavis craniorum crateribus.

Page 58. They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch.
 This line must immediately recall to the minds of the lovers of Gray, his "Fatal Sisters," an Ode translated from the Norse.

Page 59. ————— a black wood
 Which *nods* with many a heavy-headed tree.

And low-brow'd rocks hang *nodding* o'er the deeps.

Pope's *Eloisa*.

Page 60. ————— tam'd the rebellious eye
 Of sorrow.

An expression of infinite beauty and force, it is used by some one of our later poets; but I am now unable to turn to the passage.

Page 61. She thinks not fit such he her face should see,

As it is seen by Hell, and seen with dread.

The reverse of this, that is in a good sense, is Virgil's 2

————— qualisque videri
Cælicolis et quanta solet.

s. *Æn.*

* See Milton, 225, B. 1. The original is to be found in Spenser's *F. Queen*, B. 1. Cant. 1. 18 Stan. where the air is represented as too light to support the weight of the Old Dragon. Sound was never more completely rendered an echo to sense than in the last line of the 2d Stanza, which I have quoted from P. Fletcher :

" So up he rose and through the weary ayer row'd."

Page

Page 66. But sits at home *with folded arms*.

Shakspeare, who above all others has the power of giving to common circumstances an air the most uncommon, has a pretty image of this kind. Ariel is describing to Prospero in what manner he had executed his orders : amongst other things he adds :

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the Isle, and sitting
His arms in this sad knot. TEMPEST.

Page 67. ———wishing in vaine
She could recall her virgine state againe.

Thus Rowe in his Jane Shore :
In vain with tears her loss she may deplore ;
In vain look back to what she was before.

When that *unblemish'd forme*,

Thus Milton in his Comus :

And thou *unblemish'd form* of Chastity. 215.

He had originally written, " And thou *unspotted forme* of Chastity." How far this expression of May might influence him in the alteration, it is impossible to determine :

O ! then she wish'd her beauties ne'er had been
Renown'd ;——

I cannot resist the opportunity of quoting a few fine lines from Daniel on this occasion, and on this very subject :

Did nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To shew in thee the glory of her best ;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest ?
O Beauty, thou an enemy profest
To chastity, and us, that love thee most,
Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost ?

COMPL. OF ROSAMOND,

The *rose tincture* her sweete cheekes forooke.

Thus Milton,

What need a *vermeil-tinctur'd* lip for that. COMUS.

The tale of Fair Rosamond is altogether most happily adapted to the purposes of poetry. nor has it escaped the notice of our older poets, for (exclusive of May) Warner, Drayton, and Daniel, have each tried their respective power upon it. P. Fletcher, in his P. Island, alludes to one of them, though it is uncertain which, Cant. 5. Stan. XLV. Both Drayton and Daniel

Daniel mention the circumstance of King Henry's having presented Rosamond, the night before her ruin, with a casket wrought with the story of Neptune and Arctonoe; this little incident is most probably from history. The necessary curious information for illustrating the whole story may be found in Dr. Percy's Reliques, vol. II. p. 141. who has entirely anticipated me on the subject. It may be necessary to apprise some readers, that the word *Bower* was formerly used with considerably greater latitude than at present; and when applied to the residence of Rosamond, as it frequently is, means simply, retreat, private abode, it annexes with it an idea of retirement, but no farther. Thus Spenser in his LXX Sonnet, invokes the Spring:

Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her Winter's *Bowre* not well awake.

The term occurs in almost every page of our old Poets, with the same general signification. The word *Cabin* is used in a similar manner:

Page 71. Look how a mother, &c.
See Browne's Brit. Past. Song 4. B 2. first lines.
Page 73. When others sleepe whych may enjoy their *makes*.

A common expression for *makes*. Thus Spenser, in his fine Sonnet to the Spring:

Where every one that misseth then her *make*. LXX.

Page 74. My chosen *peare*. Sometimes spelt *fero*, and is used indifferently for husband, lover, or companion:

My gem, and all my joy.

An expression of endearment of great beauty. Thus Antony says in Shakspeare:

Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawfull race,
And by a *gem* of women. Sc. 11.

Page 77. She casting downe her bashfull eyes, &c.

These two lines contain the very soul of simplicity: they are in the writer's, best manner, and may safely vie with any modern lines on a similar subject.

Page 78. Live safe, therefore, for in thy life consists the life of twaine.

Similarity of situation must unavoidably produce similarity of sentiment, and consequently of expression: perhaps few readers will peruse this line without immediately calling to mind the conclusion of a song considerably too popular to be here introduced.

Page 79. Warner has here taken an opportunity of ridiculing the taste for Tilts and Tournaments, then so much in fashion :

————— *Tantara* to the fight.

Thus Sylvester, in his Translation of Du Bartas :

A heav'nly trump, a shrill *Tantara* blowes. 173.

Page 80. Dawlian bird :

Sola virum non ulta piè mœstissima mater
Concinit Ifmarium *Daulius* ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores
Hactenus, ut mediâ cætera nocte silent.

OVID. Saph. Ph. 153.

Page 84. I finde my fault, but follow it, &c.

Thus Pope :

I view my crime, but kindle at the view. ELISA.

Page 90. Wrong not thy fair youth, &c.

See this argument pursued at large in Milton's *Comus*, 737, &c.

Page 91. ————— my delicious cheek

Tincted with crimson.

Express'd with a delicate felicity, superior to Milton's, "*vermeil-tinctur'd lip*," which it might have contributed perhaps originally to suggest; but Milton's very epithet occurs in the poetry of Ed. Benlowes. 1 Cant. St. 21. 1652. Fol. Edit.

Crouch low ! O *vermeil-tinctur'd* cheek.

Page 93. Forgotten as our favours in a glafs.

A thought peculiarly in the style of Shakspeare, yet, to the best of my knowledge, unborrowed from him. What follows, namely his comparing the pleasures of life to

A very tale of that which never was.

Is an improvement, I think, upon Shakspeare's comparison of life to

————— a tale

Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

MACBETH, Scene 5.

Speed gives the following relation of this story. "King John disherited some noblemen without judgement of their peeres, and he would have destroyed Ranulph Earle of Chester, for that he reproched him with this, that he should use the wife of his brother Geffrey, Earle of Brytaine, whom Ranulph Earle of Chester had married, and from whom Ranulph

was divorced by the council of King John, and the said Earle had married the daughter of the Earle Ferrers. King John being now in extremity, and mindinge to impute the fault to them that would not appease his fury aforetime, reprehended sometimes one, and sometimes an other of his nobility, as traytors, calling them jealous, whose beds (as he bragged) he had defiled, and deflowred their daughters. The Chronicle of Dunmow saith, this discord arose betwixt the king and his barons because of Mawde, called the faire, daughter to Robert Fitz Walter, whom the king loved, but her father would not consent, and thereupon ensued war throughout England. The king spoiled especially the castle Baynard in London, and other holds, and houses of the Barons. Robert Fitz Walter, Roger Fitz Robert, and Richard Mount Fitchet, passed over into France; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whilest Mawde the Faire remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from king John about his suit in love; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or potched egge against the was hungerie, whereof the deen, and was buried in the quire at Dunmow." STOW'S ANNALES, 1615. Ed. p. 170.

Page 95. As there we stood, the countrie round we ey'd, &c.

If we consider the time in which this was written, we cannot but admire the justness and propriety of the rural scenery here selected.

How the *gray* shepherd. The epithet *gray* refers to his dress and not his age. Thus Drayton describes the same character :

The Shepheard wore a *sheepe-gray* cloke,
Which was of the finest loke
That could be cut with sheere.

DOWSABELL.

Page 100. This public entry of Henry and Bolinbroke, is thus introduced and described by Shakspeare.

Scene 3. *The Duke of York's Palace. Enter York and his Dutchess.*

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mist govern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course:
While all tongues cry'd, *God save thee Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake;
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls

With

With painted imag'ry had laid at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck
 Bespoke them thus, "*I thank you, country-men;*"
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Dutch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, *God save him!*
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience;
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow. RICHARD II.

Page 102. Are these the triumphs for thy victories?

In the same spirit with Virgil's,

Hi nostri reditus expectatique triumph! II Æn. 54.

Page 106. These heares, of age are messengers, &c.

See Dr. Percy's Ballads, who has printed the following fine traditional lines,
 being part of an old song which he professes to have received from a friend:

—— his reverend lockes
 In comelye curls did wave;
 And on his aged temples grewe
The blossoms of the gracc. p. 160. vol. II.

Page 107. Were not the smother'd children buried deep?

There is much nature in this spirited interrogation.

Page 109. ——— he takes his helmet bright,
 Which like a twinkling starre, with trembling light
 Sends radiant lustre through the darksome aire:

This description of a piece of armour is as fine as any thing I am able to
 recollect of the kind. Let the reader compare it with the following lines
 of Glover:

—— his glittering shield
 Whose spacious orb collects th' effulgent beams
 Which from his throne meridian Phœbus cast,
 Flames like another sun.

LEONIDAS.

Page 113. Thrice happy you, that look as from the shore, &c.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
 E terrâ magnâ alterius spectare laborem;
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
 Sed quibus ipse malis carcas, quia cernere suave est.

Lucret. 2 Lib.

On the subject of kindred sensations to this, I have been always pleased with the following passage in Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands. "We came in the afternoon to *Slanes Castle*, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seemed impracticable; from the windows the eye wanders over the sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence must enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not for my amusement wish for a storm; but as storms, whether wished or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from *Slanes Castle*." p. 36.

N O T E S.

VOLUME II.

Page 3. Keenly they hunted, &c.

To this and the succeeding lines, may with justice be applied, what Dr. Warton has observed of some lines of Pope. "The metaphors in the succeeding lines, drawn from the field-sports of setting and shooting, seem below the dignity of the subject." 2 Vol. 124, on Pope.

Page 6. There is a moral charm in these little pieces of Southwell, that will prejudice most readers of feeling in favour of their author; should these volumes meet with success, the publisher of them will make it his business to collect and republish the better part of Southwell's poetry, which is now entirely forgotten, and very scarce. Bolton, in his Hypercritica, makes mention of him. "Never must be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and those other serious poems said to be father Southwell's: the English whereof, as it is most proper, so the sharpness and light of wit is very rare in them."

Page 9. Whereon when as the gazing passenger, &c.

Pope had a similar idea in his intended Ode on the Folly of Ambition, the sketch of which is preserv'd in Ruffhead, p. 424.

Page 9. And there Ambri plac'd in memory, &c.

See Selden's Notes to Drayton's Poly-Olbion. Song 3. Mr. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, 1 Vol. p. 53.

Page 10. And are become a traitor to their name.

Thus Drayton speaking of the same place. Poly-Olbion, 3 Song.

Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story
That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory;
For all their wondrous cost, thou that hast serv'd them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we easily know.

Page — the *sacred* lust of gold
Now fires thy spirit.

Sacred is here used in the sense of *accursed* like the *auri sacra fumes* of Virgil.
3 Æn. 57.

Page 15. But since our life so fast away doth slide, &c.

Life's stream for observation will not stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principles of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.

Pope's Epist. to Sir R. Temples

Page 16. Where is th' Assyrian Lion's golden hide, &c.

Thus Spenser in "The Ruines of Time."

What now is of th' Assyrian Lions,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian bear's outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his welps their Kingdoms to devour?

p. 9. Hugh. Edit.

*And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing
Ore-shadows half the earth——*

Mr. Hayley, in his Essay on History, has a very bold and magnificent image of this kind. He is about to describe Livy, Ep. 1.

Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame;
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world
In bright pre-eminence, &c.

Page 18. Brave minds, oppress'd, should in despight of fate;
Looks greatest, like the sun, in lowest state.

Blair has the same thought in his fine poem, the Grave, speaking of the death of the just man :

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.

Edinb. Edit. p. 31.

Page 19. ——— *unflattered age.*

A very original epithet.

Page 20. Yet know, what busie path soere you tread
To Gratieffe, you must sleepe among the dead.

How comprehensively, how plainly, yet how sublimely, hath Gray expressed this trite sentiment :

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Church-yard.

Page 22. With others I *commune*. See note on p. 27. Vol. I.

Page 25. ——— could I vie
Angels with India.

An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words *to vie angels*, are a periphrasis, and signify *to compare wealth*. See Sir J. Hawkins's note on the passage, p. 264. Walton's Comp. Angler—Cartwright uses the word *Angel* :

You shall ne'r know what *angels*, peeces, pounds
These names of want and beggary mean ;—

The Ordinary, Act 2. Sc. 3.

Page 27. Read on this dial, &c. No poet whatever has introduced this circumstance with the happiness of Shakspeare ; who compares the silent and almost imperceptible flight of beauty, to the stealing shadow of a sundial. As the lines are in one of his minor poems, they may probably have escaped the notice of common readers :

Ah yet doth Beautie like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no place perceived ;
So your sweete hew, which me-thinks still doth stand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.

Constant Affection. Shak. Poems, 1640. Edit.

The verses are incorrect, but the idea is fine—the shadow steals from the dial's hand, and not the dial's hand from the shadow—

My short-lived winter's day !—

Dyers

Dyer, in his well-known Grongar Hill, well denominates the smile of Fate :

A sun-beam in a winter's day.

For farther observations on this piece, see Jackson's very elegant and sensible Letters. 2 Vol. 19 Let.

Page 28. *Flame-ey'd Fury*. An epithet highly original and fine. Shakspeare uses *fire-ey'd Fury*, in his Romeo and Juliet.

Page 29. For farther observations, see 2 Vol. 30 Let. Jackson's Letters, where both these particular pieces of Quarles were first more immediately brought forward to the public eye.

Page 30. These lines signed F. K. are probably written by Francis Kinwelmerthe, a contributor to the collection in which they appear, and a student of Grays-Inn. He assisted Gascoigne in his Tragedy of Jocasta.

Page 34. But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot, &c.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die. Johnson's London.

Page 35. Grinne when he laughs, &c.
To shake with laughter ere the jest you hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their Patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat. Johnson's London.

Page 36. ——— and him true and playne,
That rayleth reachles unto eche man's shame.

Thus Horace :

———— at est truculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber; simplex fortisque habeatur. 3 Sat. 1 Lib. 51.

Page 40. And her eternall fame be read,
When all, but very Vertue's dead.

Somewhat in the manner of Collins :

Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead. DROG.

Page 41. I have always considered this Epitaph as Carew's Masterpiece. The subject of it may possibly be the same person, to whose nuptials with Lord Charles Herbert, Davenant has inscribed some verses. p. 238. Fol. Edit.

Page 43. Honours to devise.

The Edinburgh Folio Edit. reads more properly, "honours *doſt* devise." The

The exclamation in the last line of this piece is particularly in Drummond's best manner.

Page 44. Sylvester inscribes a Hymn, "To the worthy friend of worthineſſe, Sir Peter Mahwood, Knight of the Honourable order of the Bath. The father probably of Browne's friend. 561 p. Fol. Edit.

Against the broad ſpread oke
Each wind in furie bears;
*Yet fell their leaves not halfe ſo faſt
As did the Shepheard's teares.*

In mere unempaſſioned deſcription, Similies which are derived from foreign and remote objects, are frequently uſed with ſucceſs; for at the ſame time that they afford the writer an opportunity of ſhewing his knowledge, they enrich and add a variety to Poetry, that it might not have attained by any other means. Yet in pathetic ſituations when they immediately ariſe from the ſubject itſelf, or ſome collateral branch of it, they convey the moſt direct and unequivocal illuſtration with a conciſeneſs and expreſſion truly admirable. But how frequent is the practice, even with our beſt writers, in ſituations the moſt pathetic, and in narratives the moſt urgent and intereſting, coolly to take leave of their ſubject, for the ſake of introducing a compariſon of perhaps ten or twelve lines! The conſequence is, that our former ſympathy is thoroughly deſtroyed, and after toiling through the lines in queſtion, we are left to recall our attention, aſſociate our diſtracted ideas, and recover the loſt tone of our feelings at our leiſure, which is by this time moſt probably totally out of our power. In ſuch caſes, a Simile taken from the ground of the piece, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) by conſining our attention wholly to the ſubject, and by giving us what we want, without obliging us to wander in queſt of it, would in three words, almoſt have completely answered the end of the Poet. I will ſubjoin an inſtance or two of this comprehensive kind of illuſtration. Mallet thus deſcribes the father of Edwin:

The Father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
*Was all unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.*

Edw. and Emma.

Above all others perhaps Collins affords one of the moſt beautiful ſpecimens, in lines that few have read without emotion. Zara exclaims,

"Farewell the Youth whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'ſt may ev'ry blaſt ariſe
Weak and unſelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."

Eclog. 2.

Broke

Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the chrysell floods.

Thus Milton, in the finest vein of Poetry :

Therfs ! whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal.

494 Comus.

Page 46. ———— and violets
For sorrow hang their heads.

Milton, instead of representing the vegetable creation as affected at the death of his friend, with superior judgement, calls for the several flowers,

" To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies."

Among which he mentions,

The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, &c. 145.

Milton, is fanciful, yet affecting ; Browne, puerile and disgusting.

Page 51. Did he attend the court for no man's fall ?
Wore he the ruine of no Hospitall ?
And when he did his rich apparell don,
Put be no widow, nor an orphan on ?

The most finished character of Detestation we have, is Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. The following part of a dialogue will give the reader some insight into his exquisite talents for mischief.

Lowell. Are you not frighted with the imprecations and curses of
whole families, made wretched by your sinister practices ?

Overreach. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at their brightness.
I'm of a solid temper, and like those
Steer on a constant course, with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness ; as when they call me
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
On my poor neighbour's right ; or grand Incloser
Of what was common, to my private use ;
*Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with wondrous cries,
And undone orphans wail with tears my threshold ;*
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

New way to pay Old Debts. Act. 4. Sc. 1.

In the last Scene of the same Play, the distressed that he had occasioned take fast hold of his conscience, and give rise to the following terribly, sublime exclamation :

" I'll fall to execution—ha ! I am feeble :
Some undone widow sits up on mine arm.
And takes away the use of 't ; and my sword
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans tears
Will not be drawn, &c.

Page 54. In this little Piece, of five lines only, there is a certain Greekness (if I may be allowed the expression) that will not fail of captivating every reader of true taste. We may justly apply on this occasion a sentence of Dryden, who says, " The sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses." Dedication to his *Aeneid* :

And in his *wrinkled* hand.

What a degree of animation and life is often thrown into a line by a single picturesque, and natural epithet ! In this respect Shakspeare leaves all other poets far behind. To instance only in a single passage. Henry the 5th, in his prayer before the battle of Agincourt, says,

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
 Who twice a day their *wither'd* hands hold up
 Toward Heaven to pardon blood. S. 5. 4. A.

Alter the epithet *wither'd* to almost any other, and you instantly destroy the picture ; for an epithet equally striking, see Vol. 18. p. . Applied to Old Age :

His *wither'd* fist still knocking at Death's door.

Page 55. Methinks, I hear a voice, &c.

There is an alarming solemnity in the conclusion of these lines, that reminds us of Tickell's justly popular Ballad :

I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay, &c. Lucy and Collin.

Page 56. ——— for if thy yeares
 Be number'd by thy virtues and our teares, &c.

Methusalems may die at twenty-one. YOUNG.

Page 63. ——— *destinate* to die.

One would suppose it should be *defined*.

Page 66. Instead of writing only rave in verse.

This is what Pope calls, " rhyming with all the rage of impotence."
 612. Essay on Criticism.

Page

Page 67. Things common thou speak'st proper.

A very difficult branch of the art to manage with dexterity, which Horace has remark'd :

Difficile est propriè communia dicere. 118. De Art. Poet.

That life, *Tbū venus of all things*—

Probably immediately taken from Horace.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit *et unus*. 42. De Art. Poet.

Page 68. As he who when he saw the serpent wreath'd, &c.

The name of the archer here alluded to is Alcon. The following Servius' note in a folio edit. of Virgil, printed at Paris, 1500. See Eclog. v. "Alcon is Cretensis est Sagittarius : et cum draco ejus puerum complexus esset, adeo sua arte temperavit idum sagittæ, ut in dracone transfunderetur, neque ad puerum perveniret." According to the common Delphin edition, the child's name was Phaleris—but this story cannot, without the utmost absurdity, be applied to the shepherd in Virgil, called Alcon, which, without doubt, was a common-place proper name for a pastoral character. See an Epigram on this story in Brunk's *Analec'ta*, v. i. p. 167.

— the age grows more unfound
From the fool's balm, than the wiseman's wound.

See Pope's Essay on Criticism, from line 575 to 580.

Page 69. Low without creeping, &c.

Thus Denham in his popular lines, addressing the Thames :

O could I flow like thee ! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme ;
Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without overflowing, full.
Cooper's Hill.

See an excellent parody of these lines in the Dunciad: B. iii. 169.

Page 71. There is a masculine flow of good sense in this panegyric to places Cartwright very high both as a poet and a critic. It appeared first in the Virbius ; or The Memorie of Ben Johnson revived by the Friends the Muses, Lond. 1638. The verses without a signature, page 27, a very excellent : they are also to be found in the Miscellaneous Pieces first joined to Cleaveland's Poems, p. 80. Lond. 1668.

Page 75. It were difficult to produce, from the whole mass of Davenant's poetry, fourteen successive lines of such ease and uninterrupted sweetness of flow. Pope seems to have been fully sensible of their merit :

Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd, &c.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow. POPE.
Kind as the willing faints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are. DAV.

Thus Pope. Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven. Elodia.

Davenant seems to have been fond of this idea, he has it again in his *Condibert* :

Calm as forgiven saints at their last hour. Cant. VIII.

Page 76. Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair.

Randolph, in some humorous verses, inscribed "To his well timbred *Mistresse*," gives the following directions :

Then place the garret of her head above,
That betwixt with a yellow hair to keep in love. p. 126. Ed. 1643.

Page 80. These verses are somewhat on the plan of Tasso's *Amore fugitivo*, who was indebted to the first Idyllium of Moschus. See an elegant paraphrase of this in Crashaw's "Delights of the Muses," p. 110. Ed. 1670. Likewise the "Hue and Cry after Cupid," by Ben Jonson, in his *Masque on the Marriage of Lord Hadington*.

Page 82. *Her watric eyes have burning force.*

Anacreon, in his directions to the painter, orders him to give his *mistress the moist, watric eye* :

Τὸ ἐὼ βλεμμα ὦν ἀλκυῶς
Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον
Ἄμμα γλαυκῶν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,
Ἄμμα δ' ὑγρὸν, ὡς Κυθίης.

In *Amicam Suam*.

Her eye in silence hath a speech,
Which eye best understands.

The expression of silence was never more poetically introduced, or applied with greater truth, than by Mr. Sheridan in his noble verses to the memory of Garrick.

Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd affection, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught ;
A sense in silence, and a will in thought.

G. Fletcher has, in his description of Justice, with great sublimity, attributed to her the power of interpreting the silence of thought.

————— for the each wish could find
Within the solid heart ; and with her ears
The silence of the thought, loud speaking hears. Part I. St. 10.

The three little pieces by R. Southwell, which I have printed, were first brought forward to the notice of general readers of poetry, by the editor of Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, in his notes, from whence I have taken the liberty of extracting them. Obligations of this kind are but too commonly, to the disgrace of literature, very industriously and ungratefully suppressed.

Page 85. If these lines are genuine, they are extremely curious, as presenting us with a lively picture of the workings of a great mind on an interesting

interesting occasion; and they serve to ascertain a fact which does not appear to have been much noticed by historians, that an habitual intercourse of three months was not without its effect, and that the Queen felt strong emotions of regret for that denial, which she was perhaps under the necessity of giving, in order to satisfy her subjects. From a manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, the lines are transcribed; whether they have previously appeared in print, I know not: I am willing to believe them original, from internal evidence, yet I cannot perfectly divest myself of suspicion. Unfortunately the most material word in the MS. is illegible; for after the signature of *Elizabeth Regina*, the following words, informing us of the subject on which the verses were written, occurs, "*Upon Mon---s departure*," the word *Mon---* being half obliterated. On my first inspection of them, I had conceived they might have been composed on Elizabeth's quarrel with Essex, who, of all her favourites, attracted most of her personal affection, perhaps on his departure for his command in Ireland; but upon looking over Stow's account of the Duke of Alençon's visit to England, I have had reason to alter my opinion, as I think I have discovered the real origin of the verses, and believe the obliterated word in the MS. to be *Monsieur*.

Stow's account is as follows: "These Lords (the Ambassadors from France) after divers secret conferences amongst themselves, and returns of sundry letters into France, signifying the Queenes declination from marriage, and the peoples unwillingness to match that way, held it most convenient, that the Duke should come in proper person, whose presence they thought in such affairs might prevail more than all their oratory; and thereupon, the first of November, the sayd Prince came over in person, very princely accompanied, and attended, though not in such glorious manner as were the above named commissioners, whose entertainment, in all respects, was equivalent unto his estate and dignity. By this time his picture, state, and titles, were advanced in every stationer's shop, and many other publique places, by the name of *François d'Alen,* Duke of *Angou,* heire apparent of France, and brother to the French King; but he was better knowne by the name of *Monsieur*, unto all sorts of people, than by all his other titles. During his abode in England, he used all princely meanes to prefer his suite, and in his carriage demeaned himselfe like a true borne prince, and the heire of France; and when hee had well observed the Queene's full determination, to continue a single life, hee pacified himselfe, admiring her rare vertues and high perfections. * * * * * The Queene in all respects shewed as great kindnesse unto the Duke, and all his retinew, at their departure, as at any time before, and for period of her princely favours, in that behalfe, *shee*, with great state, accompanied the Duke in person to Canterbury: where she feasted him and all his traine very royally, and then returned. The next day being the first of February, the Duke, with his French Lords and others, embarked at Sandwich, &c. ----- *Annales* 690 p. 163 r.

Their marriage articles were drawn up, as may be seen in Camden's *Annals*, p. 372. Heaune's edit. The same writer also mentions a very close intimacy as subsisting between them. "Vis pulchri amoris inter amatoris colloquia eo preceperat ut amicum suo digno detractum *Andini* (Anjou, one of his titles) inposuerat, certis quibusdam legibus inter ipsos adhibitis." 375, page. As dead Queens rank but with meaner mortals, we

may

may assert without much fear of contradiction, that little else can now be gratified by the perusal of Elizabeth's poetry, than mere curiosity. Her pretensions to notice on this head are pretty much on a par with her pretensions to beauty. Yet in both these subjects, slender as they were, the poets and the courtiers of her age found sources for panegyric the most inexhaustible.

Spencer concludes his "Tears of the Muses" with a compliment to her in her poetical character, where he calls her a peerless poetess. And in his Colin Clout, he says of her,

Whose grace was great and bounty most rewardful
Besides her peerless skill in *making well*.

Another Poet of her age, has hazarded a very singular compliment in the following lines:

She with the seed of Jove, the Muses nine,
So frequent was in her years; youthful prime,
That she of them had learned power divine
To quell proud love, if love at any time
In her pure breast aloft began to chime.

England's Eliza, by R. Niccols, Edit. 1610.

If we may credit an old sinner of antiquity on this subject, the poets are the very last teachers of abstinence; hear Ovid, who may be fairly supposed to have had some little experience in these matters:

Eloquar invitus: teneros ne tange Poetas,
Submoveo dotes inipius ipse meas. Rem. Amor. 727.

Page 90. Must learn the hateful art how to forget.

Thus Pope:

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget. Eloisa.

Page 93. This little piece is worth all the unmanly sniveling Elegies that Hammond ever wrote.

Page 95. These lines, though far from excellent, are still, in my opinion, better than any thing Sylvester could have produced. I am therefore inclined to suspect that the publisher of the Folio Edit. of Du Bartas in 1641, is mistaken in giving this to Sylvester. In the same Edit. p. 652, verses entitled, "The *voiles Errand*," are to be found (printed in the 2d Vol. of Dr. Percy's Reliques, under the title of "The Lye,") and beyond a doubt not his.

Page 97. ——— gracing grace —

This is a sort of Gracism, as innumerable instances of this form of expression will immediately suggest themselves to the classical reader, one instance will be sufficient here:

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hunc,

— hunc, oro, sine me *farare ante furem.*

Virg. 12. Æn. 630.

Page 99. With loving *Red-breast*.

This bird has justly been a favourite with some of our most distinguished poets, and has received due attention from them in their writings. I will set before the reader a few instances, one of many which I have collected, perhaps rather too idly and unnecessarily. In a concert of birds by Browne, Song 3. B. 1. the *Red-breast* is thus distinguished :

The mounting lark, daie's herald, got on wing
Bidding each bird chuse out his bow and sing.
The lofty treble sing the little wren;
Robin the peasant, that lov'st of all loves men.

Thomp. Edit.

In Nicolls's Cuckow, p. 12. Edit. 1607. in a collection of birds we meet with

The Red-breast sweet, that loves the looks of men.

M. Drayton in his Owl :

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye
The little *Red-breast* teacheth charity.

Collins in his Dirge :

The *Red-breast* oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

But above all others on this subject, Thomson is intitled to superlative praise :

— one alone,
The *Red-breast*, sacred to the household Gods,
Wifely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family afkance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. 246. Winter.

See likewise a Stanza published by Mr. Mason, and originally intended by Gray to have been introduced into his Elegy :

There

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year
By hands unseen are show'rs of violets found;
The *Red-breast* loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Page 100. ——— *grim-grinning* King.

Milton I believe has been justly and universally considered as unrivalled, where he says of Death, that he

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

I cannot resist the opportunity of setting before my readers, a passage, which though dissimilar in its subject, and inferior in its merit, yet eminently well expresses that mixture of contrary passions which is frequently sublime. I have always considered this instance, as approaching nearer to the manner of Milton, than any thing I have met with in the whole course of my poetical reading. In the *Masque of the Gods*, introduced in the *Argalus* and *Parthenia* of *Quailes*, the Goddesse of the night is thus fancifully habited :

————— her body was confind
Within a coale-blacke mantle, thorow linc
With * fable furs; her tresses were of hew
Like ebony, on which a perly dew
Hung, like a spiders web; her face did shrow'd
A swarth complexion, underneath a cloud
Of blacke curl'd cypresse: on her head, she wore
A crowne of burnisht gold, beshaded o'er
With foggs and rory † mist; her hand did beare
A scepter and a fable hemisphere;
She sturny shooke her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy smile, ———

B. 3. p. 112.

For this mixture of opposite passions, see Spence on the *Odyssey*, p. 77, a truly classical work, by no means so popular as it should be, and to which we may well apply what Dr. Johnson has asserted of Watts's *Improvement of the mind*, "Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty, if this book is not recommended." See also Dr.

* Milton has arrayed Night in fables;

————— with him enthron'd
Sat *fable-vested* Night—

2 B. 962. P. 108.

† *Rory*, this word seems very undeservedly disused. Fairfax has it in his *Tasso*:

And shook his wings with *rogry* may-dews wet.

Henry More's *Mist. of Godliness*, B. 6. Ch. 5. who compares the pleasures of this life, to the *gripping laughter of Goblins* &c.

Page 101. The Sir W. Alexander to whom this Sonnet is addressed, was afterwards created Earl of Sterling. He wrote poetry, a list of which is given by Mr. Pinkerton, in his *Ancient Scottish Poems*, p. 121. He was a particular friend of our Drayton's, as should seem from the verses of the latter on "Poets and Poetry." He there styles him,

That man whose name I ever would have known
To stand by mine, &c.

There is a sensible little tract of his, entitled, "A censure of some poets, Ancient and Modern," and addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden, his intimate friend, preserved in the Edinb. Edit. of the latter, p. 159.

Page 102. Summer's *bonour*.

Honour is frequently used by our old Poets for beauty. The Latins used *bonos*, in the same manner, for *pulchritudo*. As in Horace:

Non semper idem floribus est *bonos*
Vernis.

11 Od. 2 B.

Page 104. On this subject poets of all ages and nations have been very eloquent; suffice it to say, that Shakspeare in his Henry the 4th, Part 2. Act 3. Sc. 1. has surpassed every thing that has hitherto appeared on the same subject. And his admirers may safely defy the most bigoted and industrious scholars to produce from the collected works of all antiquity, an invocation of such transcendent merit:

Since I am thine, O come, &c.

In the original spirit of the Greek Epigram, the following lines are composed, and, as I have been informed were intended to have been placed under a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late learned Mr. James Harris of Salisbury; it will be no derogation to their beauties, to compare them with the conclusion of Drummond's Sonnet:

Ad Somnum.

Somme veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

It may be necessary to inform some readers, that they are written by the present Poet Laureat. In Popham's *Selecta Poemata*, p. 57. they occur, but they appear to have undergone a revision considerably for the better, in the copy from which I have printed them. A translation of them is to be found in the *Gent. Mag.* for March 1775, p. 144.

Page 105. Drayton has here in the compass of fourteen lines only been very profuse of fine compound epithets. *Silver-janded shore, soul-brined joint,*
milk-

milk-white swans, myrrh-breathing Zephyr, nectar-dropping flowers, dew-impierled flowers:

—— Browne compliments Drayton as the Swain

"Who on the banks of *Ancor* turn'd his pipe."

See B 1. Song 5. p. 179

Page 106. That fairest states have *fatall* nights and dayes:

Fatall, here means *defin'd by the Fates*, like the word *fatalis* in Latin:

"Non licuit fines Italos, *fataliaque arua*

"Nec tecum Aufonium, quicumque est, quærere Tybrim."

Æn. 5. 82.

Page 108. —immelodious. A word very harmonious and uncommon. Milton uses "ineloquent," 8 P. *Loft.* 219.

Page 109. The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth.

He again says,

"Look on the dear expences of my youth." p. 111.

Lord Surry upbraids Beauty, and calls it

Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaile. p. 96.

Page 113. Or moone at night in *jettie chariot* roll'd?

Browne represents night as drawn in a carriage of the same materials:

All-drowsie Night, *who in a carre of jet*

By steeds of iron-gray drawne through the sky.

Brit. Paft. B 2. Son. 1. p. 33. Th. Edit.

Page 114. Where slave-born man playes to the scoffing starres,

This language of desperation may be compared with these lines of Drayton:

* * * * *

Which doth inforce me partly to prefer
The opinion of that mad Philosopher,
Who taught that those all-framing Powers above
(As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing
To make them sport with, which they use to bring
As men do monkees, puppets, and such tools.

Drayton to W. Browne.

In contradiction to this absurd and uncomfortable doctrine, let us hear what one of the wisest and greatest men this country has produced, says, "But that Nature should implant in man such a strong propension to religion, which is the reverence of a Deity, there being neither God nor Angel

nor Spirit in the world, is such a slur committed by her as there can be in no wife excoģitated any excuse for. If there were a higher species of things to laugh at as we do at the ape, it might seem more tolerable." Dr. H. More's Antidote against Atheism, 1655 Edit. p. 152. The concluding idea in this extract somewhat reminds us of a line in Pope's Essay on Man:

Superior beings

Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape

And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Page 115. Turn't is here used for return't.

Page 116. The best of Spenser's Sonnets is addressed to the Spring. See 5 Vol. p. 73 Hugh. Edit.

And twice it is not given thee to be born.

A mere reference might disappoint the classical reader; as such I shall make no scruple to quote at length the well known beautiful lines of Moschus on this subject:

Αἶ, Αἶ τὰλ' ἀπαύχαι μὲν ἵπῶν καὶ κῆπον ὀχυρῆσαι,
 Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σῆλας, τὸ τ' ἐνθάδ' ὄλον αἰὼνα,
 Τσίχρον αὖ ζῶντι καὶ εἰς ἵπῶν ἄλλο φρονέει.
 Ἀμμῆς δ' οἱ μὲν ἄλκοι καὶ κερῆρες ἡ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες
 Οὐ πότ' ὡς αὐτὰ θάνατος, ἀνάδοι ἢ χροὶ κτελεῖ
 Ἐδόμεν ἢ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτίμωσι νήρῃσι ὕπνοισι.

I never saw the spirit of these verses better transfused, than in the following extract from the very early production of a friend, whose poetry is among the least of his many elegant attainments:

Yet mark the violet, how it loads with sweets
 The pregnant gale, spreading its purple leaves,
 The painted pink too, with the rose-bud's bloom,
 And fair narcissus catch th' enchanted eye.
 When winter's frost arrests the rushing stream,
 And binds in icy chains the sadden'd year;
 Fled is their beauty fled that fragrant breath
 Wont to regale the weary passenger.
 But when the spring eth'rial mildness sheds,
 And bids the brook its former flow resume,
 Up springs the lark, Aurora's messenger,
 Gladd'ning the goat-herd with his early song,
 Each plant, each flower, inhales the genial breath,
 And opening into life, again pours forth,
 Loose on the zephyr, all its wonted sweets.
 Again the violet dark resumes its hue,
 Nor wanting to the rose-bud is its bloom.
 Whate'er amid the plant creation, erst
 Conspir'd to make the joyous year complete,

Again

Again shoots forth, renewing all its power :
 Then why boasts Man his origin divine,
 (Lord of the Universe, Creation's pride)
 His spring but once, but once his winter comes
 And when he falls, he falls to rise no more ?

This note has been already too much extended to admit of Dr. Jortin's Imitation of Moschus's lines. See p. 32. Lufus Poet.

Page 117. The Ancients seem to have been equally attached to this bird, as the Moderns. Attentive mention is made of it in Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace, and Mr. Huntingford in his Apology for the Monstrophics (one of the few controversial works in which the scholar and the gentleman are most happily blended,) has by many passages proved it the favourite also of Sophocles. See p. 89, &c. Some of the best poets of this country have signified their partiality to it, in strains almost as delicious as its own. Milton's regard for it must be well known to all his readers as it has been remarked by almost all his commentators. Thomson*, pre-eminently the Poet of Nature, who wrote immediately from observation, has not been wanting in its praises. Gray has remembered it in his Ode to the Spring. Is it not somewhat strange that Collins should have omitted to mention this bird? In all his poetry I recollect no allusion to this subject, and have always considered the absence of Philomel as no trivial blemish in his Ode to Evening. But above all the panegyrics that have been deservedly passed upon this universal favourite, I have seen nothing yet, that in any degree approaches the notice of one who was certainly no poet; my reader will be surprised perhaps when I name honest Izack Walton, but let him read this and judge. "But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet † *descant*, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on earth." Compl. Angler, page 1.

* The elegant and ingenious Mr. Pennant, has very properly quoted in his British Zoology, every passage from Milton in which it is mentioned.

† ————— The wakeful nightingale
 She all night long her amorous *descant* sung.

P. Loft 4 B. 603.

I will subjoin a few descriptions from our older Poets. Niccols has been very minute on this head :

The little Philomel with curious care
Sitting * *At* her ditties did prepare,
 And many tunes, whose harmonie did passe
 All musike else that ere invented was ;
 One while the meane part she did sweetly warble,
 The tenor now, the base and then the treble ;
 Then all at once with many parts in one
 Dividing sweetly in division ;
 Now some sweete straine to mind she doth restore,
 Which all the winter shee had count'd before,
 And with such cunning *lessons* thereupon,
 That curious art ne'er doctrin'd any one
 With lute, with viol, or with voice in quire
 That to her matchlesse musike might aspire.

The Cuckow, p. 12, 1607.

Bird-fanciers are accustomed to call the practice of old birds teaching their young to sing, *singing* ; from this circumstance Drayton very poetically and fancifully dates the origin of music, which I think exceeds what Lucretius has advanced on the same subject, Lib. 5. 1378 line.

———— Philomel in spring
 Teaching by art her little one to sing ;
 By *whose* clear voice *first* music first was found
 • Before Amphion ever knew a sound. The Owl.

Browne, a very minute observer, and sometimes an accurate describer of Nature and rural objects, has remarked the same property of this Bird :

Under whose shade the Nightingale would bring
 Her chirping young, and teach them how to sing.
 Brit. Poet. 1 B. 5 Song.

In mentioning the time before sun-rise, he introduces it again :

For the Turtle and her mate
 Sitten yet in nest :
 And the Thrush hath not been
 Gathering wormes yet on the green,
 But attends her rest.

* This is Thomson's :

———— on the bough
Sole-sitting. 722. Spring,

Not

Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung
In the shady grove:
But the Nightingale in darke *
Singing, woke the mounting Larke
She *records* her love.

Shepherd's Pipe. 3 Eclog.

But Browne attributes the custom of teaching, to other birds as well as the Nightingale, describing a place of retirement, he says,

Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough, within the quickning spring,
Would be a teaching of their young to sing. Song 3. B. 1.

See Andrew Marvel's "Appleton House," who touches upon the Nightingale, p. 65. Vol. I. Cooke's Edit.

Drayton describes with great spirit a consort of birds, in which the Nightingale is highly distinguished:

When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom wave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath' red sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quirlsters are perch't with many a speckled breast.
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring East
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every where.
The Throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' awake the lustless fun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
The Woofel near at hand, that hath a golden bill:
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the Merle doth only play.
*When in the lower brake, the Nightingale hard-by,
In such lamenting strains the joyous birds doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And, (but that Nature by her all-constraining law)*

◆ This is Milton's:

————— as the wakeful bird
Sings *darkling* ———

38. B. 3. P. Loft.

Each

*Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, aim to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to vie their ears) their voices just would spare,
That modish her tune: it admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.*

Poly-Olbion, 13 Song.

See likewise a very minute and accurate description in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, p. 44. Fol. Edit. 1641. See p. 1319. 4. Vol. 1536 *ibid.* Drayton Oldy's Edition.

To accumulate yet more instances, of a similar nature would be neither difficult nor unpleasing:

*Sed fugit interca, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.* VIRG.

To him who has been "long in populous cities pent," who has seldom been accustomed to view "each rural fight" with poetical eyes, and to "each rural sound" has turn'd a deaf or an undelighted ear, these notices, it is feared, will seem most diminutive and frivolous; but to others who have heard from this bird

—— Strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death,

in the luxurious groves of Hertfordshire. It is hoped, however unimportant they may be, that they will at least be considered as not incurious.

Page 118. — for weeds at Normandie by this in porches groe.

Meaning, that they had so exhausted their country (Normandy) by the forces they had draughted from it already, that its cities were left desolate and uninhabited. The expression is awkward; but the idea is forcible, and not unlike what Thomson says of the effects of the plague:

Empty the streets, *with uncouth verdure clad*;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men. Summer, 1060.

Page 119. Yea pardon hath he to depart, &c.

Thus Henry the 5th to his soldiers:

——— dont wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (Westmoreland) through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart. SHAKESPEARE.

Page 120. ——— this is my ground or grave.

See the Speech of Alric in Claudian on invading Italy.

*Hanc ego vel victor regno, vel monte tenebo
Victus humum.* De Bell. Gent. 530.

Page 126. And in the faces of their foes your women, in despite,
Should fling their suckling babes.

How exquisitely unnatural is a profession of lady Macbeth's in this way:

—— I have giv'n suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this——

Page 125. Her name is written indifferently Voadicea, Boodicea, Bundoica, and Bondicea. Selden's Notes on Drayton.

Page 126. —— Pichtes of Scythian breed.

Those who may be inclined to examine into the history of this nation, are referred to a very masterly enquiry, entitled, "A Dissertation on the origin and progress of the Scythians or Goths," by the able and ingenious Mr. Pinkerton, lately published. To this Gentleman (if there is not an impertinence in the manner of my doing it.) I would recommend as a motto for many of his works the following verse:

Πῶς σφίγην μὲν ἔχουσιν ὄλκων, μέλας σφίγῃ ὀρόν ἐστι.

Poet Min. Græci. p. 515. 1635 Edit. Cantabrig.

Page 127. For the circumstances of this interview, see Livy 11. Lib.
See also Plutarch's life of Publicola.



S U P P L E M E N T.

Notwithstanding the following incidental Remarks bear no relation to particular passages in the Extracts which compose these volumes, yet they are intimately connected with some of the respective Authors from whom those Extracts are taken; and being in themselves both too foreign as well as too extensive for insertion in the course of the notes, it was thought necessary to give them a place here.

F. QUARLES.

In selecting from this author, I have been obliged to omit many of his beauties from their unfortunate intermixture with the most unpardonable vulgarisms; in gathering flowers from such soils, weeds will unavoidably obtrude themselves; in order however that the elegance and exactness of some of his similes, which were too short to be admitted into the body of the book, may not be overlooked, I take the opportunity of introducing them to the reader here, and should think that critic more fastidious than clear-sighted, who should be displeased with them.

Even as the foyle (which April's gentle showers
Have fill'd with sweetnesse, and enrich't with flowers)
Reares up her suckling plants, still shooting forth
The tender bloffomes of her timely birth,
But, if deny'd the beams of cheery May,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away;

So man, assisted by th' Almighty's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand,
But left awhile, forsooke (as in a shade)
It languishes, and nipt with sin doth fade.

Job. Millitant,

As when a lady (walking Flora's Bowre)
Picks here a pinke, and there a gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose (the yeeres maidenhead)
There, nips the bryer, here, the Lover's pauncy,
Shifting here dainty pleasures, with her fancy,
This, on her arme, and that, she lists to weare
Upon the borders of her curious haire
At length, a rose-bud (palling all the rest)
She plucks, and bosomes in her lilly breast.

Hist. of Queene Ester,

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsakes
The downy cloiet of her wings, and takes
Each its affected way) markes how they feed,
This, on that crum, and that, on t' other seed,
Moves, as they move, and staves, when as they stay,
And seems delighted in their infant-play :
Yet (fearing danger) with a busie eye,
Lookes here and there if ought she can espy
Which (unawares) might snatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that passe, and watches ev'ry commer ;
Even so the atlection, &c.

Job. Mil. Sect.

Like as the *Haggard*, cloistered in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous mallard at her sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch, from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, 'till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
Nipps of her jangling * *jesses*, strives to break
Her ginging fetters and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate.

Emb. 1. 3

————— If I prove her *haggard*,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heart strings
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

OTHELLO.

Even as the need'le, that directs the howre,
(Tought with the loadstone) by the secret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the pole;
Even so the wavering powers of my soule,
Tought by the virtue of thy spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.

Job. Mil. 4 Med.

In the beautiful song of "Sweet William's Farewell," the sailor with great propriety adopts a nautical term from his own Art:

Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

In perusing Quarles, I have occasionally observed that he has sometimes taken thoughts from the works of Lord Sterline, but the passages were hardly worth noticing. Quarles was indebted to Herman Hugo for the hint of writing Emblems, the earliest edition I have been able to meet with, is that published in 1623 at Antwerp, in tolerable good Latin Elegies. A translation of it appeared Lond. 1686, by Edm. Arwaker, M. A. who very injudiciously observes, that "Mr. Quarles only borrowed his Emblems, to prefix them to much inferior sense." The earliest edition of Quarles's book, that I have seen, is in 1635, all the prints from the beginning of the third book, are exactly copied from Hugo, but Hugo himself was not original. As Andrew Alciat, a Milaneze lawyer so early as 1535, published at Paris a volume of Emblems. Thuanus gives a great character of this writer. Hist. Lib. 8. A small Edit. of Alciat's work, with the observations of C. Minos, partially extracted, was published at Geneva. There is a pretty thought in one of the emblems which consists of a Helmet turned into a Beehive, and surrounded on all sides with its inhabitants, the motto is, *Ex bello pax*. I mention it solely to observe, that in the Sonnet sung before Queen Elizabeth at a tilt in the year 1590 at Westminster, and supposed to have been composed by the Earl of Essex, a thought of the same kind occurs:

*My helmet now shall make an hive for bees,
And lovers songs shall turn to holy psalmes, &c.*

See Vol. III. Evans's Ballads.

The writer of the same song, whoever he was, might have been indebted for the thought to some print of the kind.

W. W A R N E R.

Milton's commentators have omitted remarking, that in the following passage he seems to have had an eye on Warner:

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she, in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain. IL PARS.

Thus

This in Albion's England :

In Crete did flourish In those daies (first there that flourish'd to
Uranos : he in wealth and wit all others did outgoe.
This tooke to wife (*not then forbid*) his sister *Vesta* fayre.

B. 1. C.

The turn of thinking in the following lines will remind the reader of P
Sir J. Mandeville during his travels, writes to Eleanor, the cousin of King
ward, who according to Warner's story had fallen in love with him.
following forms a part of the epistle :

Great store of beauties have I seene, but none as yours exact,
Courts also more than statelie with faire ladies in the fame,
Which seem'd but common forms to me, remembring but
' name.

When in the holy-land I pray'd, even at the holy grave,
(*Forgive me God*) a sigh for sinne, and three for love I gave.
Against the fierce Arabians I the Soldan's pay did take,
When oft, as on fit, for Saint George Saint Eleanor I spake.

B. 10. Ch.

" Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd but you."

Again :

" Thy image steals between my God and mee." ELISAB.

W. D R U M M O N D.

One would be almost led to suppose that Pope had seen and rememb
these lines :

Ah ! as a Pilgrime who the Alpes doth passe,
Or Atlas temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
The ayrie Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's cliftes where sunne doth never shine,
When he some heapes of hilles hath overwent,
Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountaine hee doe finde
More hights before him thann he left behinde.

Drum. p. 38. 4to

So pleas'd at first the towring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last ;

But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labour of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Essay on Crit. 228.

The following lines, describing God moved to wrath, are in Milton's manner:

So seeing Earth, of Angels once the inn,
Mansion of Saints, deflowred all by sin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath;
The World's great Sovereign moved was to wrath,
Thrice did he rowse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops,
Affrighted shrunk, and near the Æthiops
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Appennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the Synod of the Sp'rits he swore,
Man's care should end, and time should be no more;
By his own self he swore —, &c.

Poems, p. 33. Edin. Ed. 1711.

The best of Drummond's prose works, is his "Cypress Grove," which though quaint in its style, is worth reading for its vein of dignified morality. Mr. Pinkerton, in his list of Scotch Poets, calls it "a poor piece of tinsel," and says of its author, that "like other great poets, he could not write prose." I will venture to assert, that he is more mistaken in his general position, than even in the particular instance specified. Many of our best poets have rivalled, and some have exceeded the professional prose-writers of their day. We have no contemporary piece of prose to compare in purity with Spenser's "View of the state of Ireland," or even with Daniel's "Apology for Rhyme." Cowley was unrivalled by any prose-writer; Davenant's Preface to his Gondibert, is a good piece of nervous writing. Are Dryden's fine Prefaces to be forgotten, or Pope's Letters and Preface to his works, one of the most polished pieces we have? but above all, the prose of Goldsmith is the strongest contradiction of his assertion, it is the model of perfection, and the standard of our language, to equal which the efforts of most would be vain, and to exceed it every expectation, folly.

P. FLETCHER.

At the bright lamp of Spenser, who's flame will never expire but with our language, many inferior bards have lighted their slender torches. The perusal of the Fairy Queen, biased the minds both of Cowley and More * to the pursuit of poetry. And to them we may add Fletcher, who not contented with deriving his general taste for Allegory and Personification from him, has gone so far as immediately to adopt imagery and particular figures. Though it may somewhat detract from the invention of Fletcher to compare him in some instances with his original, yet it is the only method of forming a real estimate of his merits; and as Dr. Johnson well observes, "it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather;" nor has he himself been backward in due acknowledgement, as these instances sufficiently evince:

Two Shepherds most I love with just adoring;
That Mantuan swain, who chang'd his slender reed
To trumpets martial voice, and warres loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus derring deed;

*And next our home-bred Colin sweetest firing;
Their steps not following close, but farre admiring:
To lacky one of these is all my pride's aspiring.*

Can. 6. 5 St. P. 1st.

The following Eulogium to his memory does equal credit to his heart as to his abilities, and deserves being brought forward to notice. He is lamenting the fate of Genius:

Witness our Colin †; whom though all the graces,
And all the Muses nurs'd; whose well taught song
Parnassus self, and Glorian ‡ embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deny'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilify'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

And had not that great Hart §, (whose honour'd head
Ah lies full low) pity'd thy wofull plight;
There hadst thou li'en unwept, unburied,
Unblest, nor grac't with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe || shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blurie with blackest ink.

* Preface to his Philosophical Poems, 1647. Edit.

† Elizabeth.

§ Earl of Essex.

‡ Spenser.

|| Burleigh.

O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong,
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead:
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his ranke name let thine own notes be turn'd,
"Ob may that man that baith the Muses scorn'd,
Allve, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd!"

Can. 1. St. 19. &c.

He again touches on the misfortune of Spenser Can. 6. St. 52.

But to come more immediately to the several parallel passages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttonie*. Can. 7. Stan. 80. with Spenser's B. 1. Can. 4. 21 and 22 Stan. F. Queen. compare Fletcher's *Animus*. Cant. 8. 42 Stan. &c. with Spenser's *Idleness*. B. 1. 4 Cant. St. 18. compare Fletcher's *Thumos*. Can. 7. St. 55. with Spenser's *Wrath*. B. 1. Can. 4. St. 33. compare Fletcher's *Afleges*. Can. 7. St. 23. with Spenser's *Lechery*. B. 1. Can. 4. St. 24. compare Fletcher's *Pleconestes*. Can. 8. Stan. 24. with Spenser's *Avarice*. B. 1. Can. 4. St. 27. compare Fletcher's *Envy*. Can. 7. St. 66. with Spenser's *Envy*. B. 1. Can. 4. St. 30. likewise with another description. B. 5. Can. 12. St. 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well expresse what Pope with great felicity styles, "*daming with faint praise.*"

When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

Compare Fletcher's *Deilos*. Can. 8. St. 10. with Spenser's *Fear*. B. 3. Can. 12. St. 12. There seems to me more nature and real poetry in Fletcher's describing him as but *flirting* at the sight of his arms, than in Spenser, who on the same occasion represents him as absolutely "*flying fast away*," but perhaps Spenser has heightened the image by making him equally terrified with the *sound* of them as the *fight*; this is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more consistently habited, than his *Death*.

A dead man's skull suppli'd his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead:
Some more, some lesse fear his *all-fighting* face;
But most who sleep in downie pleasures bed. 12 Can. 38.

Yet the first of these terrific attributes is suggested by Spenser, who has given it to Meleager:

Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.
11 B. 11 Can. St. 22.

In the preceding part of this Canto of Spenser, in which the foes of Temperance besiege her dwelling place, we find sight, hearing, smell, and taste, personified, which remind us of Fletcher, and disgrace Spenser. I have often thought that a painter of taste might extract from the Purple Island, a series of Allegorical Figures, which if well executed might do honour to his pencil; though in some instances he would find Fletcher "*nimis Poeta*," in others he

would have little to do but to supply the colours : and as there can be no necessity for implicitly tying him down to his original, the liberty of rejecting superfluities, and supplying deficiencies should be allowed. The motto's and impresses, which in general are very happily adapted, give Fletcher's figures an air of life, which in that particular renders them superior to those of Spenser and of Sackville *. The following rich figure of Hope (which is represented as Masculine,) is among Fletcher's best pieces, the attitude of his leaning on his attendant Pollicita, to whom every female grace might be given, seems worthy the notice of a painter. I will quote the description at length, as it affords me an opportunity of comparing it with a figure of Spenser on the same subject :

Next went *Elpinur*, clad in † *sky-like* blue ;
And thro' his arms few stars did seem to peep.
Which there the workman's hand so finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they softly seem'd to sleep :
His rugged shield was like a rockie mold,
On which an anchor bit with surest hold :
I bold by being beld, was written round in gold.

Nothing so cheerfull was his thoughtfull face,
As was his brother *Fido's* : fear seem'd dwell
Close by his heart ; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that sure all was not well :
Therefore a comely Maid did oft sustain
His fainting steps, and fleeting life maintain :
Pollicita she hight, which ne'er could lie or feigne.

Can. 9. St. 34.

* Æschylus in his "Seven against Thebes" has shewn much fancy in the mottos and devices of the shields of the different chiefs.

† Pyrales in Sidney's Arcadia, is dressed in a garment of the same materials, "Upon her body she wore a doublet of *sky-colour* satin," &c. p. 42. Milton also has his "*sky-tintured grain*," P. L. B. 5. 285. but Fletcher might have had a passage in Quarles in his eye, who after describing Parthenia in a robe bespangled with stars of gold, adds,

— her dishevel'd haire
Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
Of those her *skie-resembling robes*; but so,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring starre, sometimes another.

B. III. Arg. and Par.

The

The following is Spenser's personification which is delineated with greater chastity than usual:

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of chearful look and lovely to behold;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkle'd favours manifold,
On whom she list, and did great liking shew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

B. 3. Can. 12. St. 13.

This figure is simple, and the attributes new; Hope is here divested of her usual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preserved,) and the water-sprinkle substituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image; had it but received the sanction of antiquity for its adoption, we might perhaps have heard more in its praise. On their coins, the Ancients we find represented Hope in the character of a sprightly girl looking forward and holding a blossom, or bud in her right hand*, whilst with her left, she holds up her garment to prevent its retarding her pace. On a coin of Hadrian, I have seen Fortune and Hope with this emblem. Mr. Spence has justly objected against Spenser, that many of his Allegorical Personifications are inconsistent, complicated, and overdone; he observes, that when they are well-invented, they are not well-marked out, and instances amongst others the figure of Hope now before us. But surely though his general charge may be true, in this instance he has been misled by his classical taste, and too great a reverence for the Ancients; to expect an implicit adherence to them in all their mythological appendages, is unreasonable and absurd, and at once puts a stop to every exertion of fancy and genius; it is but doing justice to them to acknowledge that their emblematic figures are unrivaled, but as their several distinct attributes are closely connected with, and indeed drawn from their religion, history, dress, and manners, they must be considered as relatively excellent only; we cannot be so barren of invention, as to be obliged tamely to have recourse to their imagery on all occasions; the religion, history, manners, and dress, of our own country, are sufficiently dignified to supply a fertile imagination, with combinations infinitely new, and to justify us in forming a style of our own. Propriety in selection is every thing; to produce a strong effect from a few masterly outlines, and to give an individual and exclusive character to the personage, seems to have been the sole aim of the Ancients; from the profusion of ornaments with which most modern allegorical figures are overwhelmed, we are as much at a loss to discover for whom they are designed, as we are to unravel a rebus or an anagram. Milton appears to have been a reader of Fletcher. I will conclude these desultory remarks on him, with noticing a few pas-

* We commonly say, "to destroy our hopes in the bud."

pages that have escaped the commentators of our Divine Bard. Milton is invoking *Mirth* to bring with her,

Nods and becks, and wreathed *smiles*,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled *Care* divides,
And *Laughter* holding both his sides.

L'Alleg. 28.

When this exquisite assemblage was formed, it is more than probable, that the poet had an eye on the following passage of Fletcher:

Here *sportfull* Laughter dwells, here ever sitting,
Defies all lumpish griefs, and *wrinkled care*;
And twentie merrie mates *mirth* causes fitting,
And *smiles*, which *Laughter's* sonnes, yet infants are.

P. Island. Can. 4. St. 13. Edit. 1633.

Where thou perhaps under the *whishing* tide.

Lycid. 157.

In the Edit of 1630, Milton had written *bumming* tide, which is perhaps more expressive and poetical. His first epithet he had probably from the following fine passage of Fletcher:

While *bumming* rivers by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumbering thoughts in quiet ease.

Eclog. 2.

Milton uses *syllable*. 208 Cornus. Fletcher in his Miscellanies, page 85, has *syllabled*.

Milton is somewhat indebted likewise to the Christ's Victorie of Giles Fletcher. Our Lord is thus described in the Wilderness, by G. Fletcher:

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whome to devoure the beasts did make pretence,
But him their salvage thirst did nought appall,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What armies for innocence, but innocence?
For when they saw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, soon did they disadvaunce,
And some unto him kneele, and some about him daunce.

Downe

Downe fell the Lordly Lion's angrie mood,
 And he himfelfe fell downe, in congies lowe;
 Bidding him welcome to his waftfull wood,
 Sometime he kift the graffe whear he did goe,
 And, as to wafh his feete he well did knowe,
 With fauning tongue he lickt away the duft,
 And every one would neereft to him thrust,
 And every one, with new, forgot his former luft.

Unmindfull of himfelfe, to minde his Lord,
 The Lamb stood gazing by the Tygers fide,
 As though betweene them they had made accord,
 And on the Lion's back the goate did ride,
 Forgetfull of the roughnefs of the Ride,
 If he stood still, their eyes upon him bayted,
 If walk't, they all in order on him wayted,
 And when he fleep, they as his watch themfelves conceited.

After circumftantially defcribing the perfon of Jefus, Sataa is thus introduced disguised :

At length an Aged Syre farre off he fawe
 Come flowely footing, & verie ftep he gueft
 One of his feete he from the grave did drawe,
 Three legges he had, the woodden was the beft,
 And all the way he went, he ever bleft
 With benedicities, and prayers ftore
 But the bad ground was bleffed ne'er the more,
 And all his head with fnowe of age was waxen bore.

A good old Hermit he might feeme to be,
 That for devotion had the world forfaken,
 And now was travailing fome Saint to fee,
 Since to his beads he had himfelfe betaken,
 Whear all his former finnes he might awaken,
 And them might wafh a way with dropping brine,
 And almes, and fafts, and churches difcipline,
 And dead, might reft his bones under the holy fhrine.

But when he neerer came, he lowted lowe
 With prone obeyfance, and with curt'fie kinde,
 That at his feete his head he feem'd to throwe;
 What needs him now another Saint to finde?
 &c. &c.

He thus exclaims with the most artful simplicity :

Ah, note my humble cell to blessed, be
 As heav'n to welcome in his lowly roofs,
 And be the temple for thy deities !
 Lo ! how my cottage worships thee aloof,
 That under ground hath hid his head, in proofs
 It doth adore thee with the feeling lowe,
 Here honie, milke, and chefnuts wild doe grows,
 The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee shall bestows.
 Ch. Vict. & Can. Ed. 1610,

Compare Parad. Reg. 295, &c. Where our Saviour passed forty days in the wilderness :

— — — — —
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds
 Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wether'd ticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warn him wet return'd from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

MILTON.

How far the following Stanzas, which are but a continuation of what I before quoted, might have influenced Milton in his *Comus*, I leave the reader to determine. Fletcher is describing the *Bower of Vaine-Delight*, to which our Lord is conducted by Satan :

And all about, embayd in soft sleepe,
 A heard of charmed beasts aground were spread,
 Which the faire Witch in goulden chaines did keepe,
 And them in willing bondage fettered,
 Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
 And turn'd to beads, for fabled Homer old,
 That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
 Us'd manly soules in beathly bodies to un mould.

Through

Through this false Eden, to his Leman's bowre,
(Whome thousand soules devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour.
Thear in the lower roome, in solemne wise,
They daunc't around, and pow'r'd their sacrifice
To plump Ixæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest in yvie garlands drest,
Chaunted wild Orgialls, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling fat,
(For all the roome about was arbour'd)
With laughing Bacchus, that was growne so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fierie cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and fallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spueing rout.

This their inhumed soules esteem'd their wealths
To crowne the bouzing kan from day to night,
And sicke to drinke themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in yvorie white,
They came, whear whiter Ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure, and soft languishment,
And funke in beds of roses, amorous glaunces sent.

Stall. 49, 50, 51, 52.

After a description of Avarice and Ambition, we are presented with the
throne of *Panglory*, who is thus described :

A silver wanda the Sorceresse did sway,
And, for a crowne of gold, her haire she wore,
Onely a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand, she bore
A bolious gaine of plasie, that long before,
She full of emptinesse had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted,
Whose colours, like the rainbowe, ever vanished.

Thus the spirit in Milton in giving directions to the brother, speaking of
the Harmony which he gives him as an antidote to the charms of Comus,
says :

————— if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boltly assault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntlesse hardihood,
And brandish'd blacke ruth on him, *break his glass*,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But save his wound. 647.

The

The Goddess in Fletcher sings a song of allurements, the subject of which is Love (to use Milton's words), "Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb," and endeavours to captivate our Saviour in the same manner as Comus does the Lady, see his speech at length, p. 706. A part of Fletcher's song I produce for its elegance :

See, see the flowers that belowe,
 Now as fresh as morning blowe,
 And of all, the virgin rose,
 That as bright Aurora shewes,
 How they all unleaved die,
 Loosing their virginities :
 Like unto a summer-shade,
 But now borne, and now they fade.
 Every thing doth passe away,
 There is danger in delay,
 Come, come gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sands of Tagus shore
 Into my bosome casts his ore;
 All the valleys swimming come
 To my house is yeerely borne;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine,
 While ten thousand kings, as proud,
 To carry up my traine, have bow'd,
 And a world of Ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me :
 All the starrs in heav'n that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine;
 Onely bend thy knee to me
 Thy wooing shall thy winning bee.

The effect of the song on our Saviour is as follows :

Thus fought the dire Enchauntress in his mind
 Her guilefull bayt to have embosomed,
 But he her charmes dispersed into winde,
 And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optique glasses shattered.

Milton uses the very expression *shattered*. 799 Comus.

I will conclude these observations on the two Fletchers with an extract from Howell's Letters. See Let. LXXVI. To E. Benlowes, Esq; upon the receipt of a Table of exquisite Latin Poems. "I much thank you for your visits, and other fair respects you shew me; especially that you have enlarged my quarters among these melancholy * walls, by sending me a whole life to

* He was then confined in the Fleet.

walk in, I mean that delicate *Purple Island* I received from you, wher I meet with *Apollo* and all his daughters, with other excellent society; I stumble also ther often upon myself, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me, and without mee: infomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a prisoner, as I am, to pass over, than of that *Purple Isle*, that *Isle of Man* you sent me, which as the ingenious Author hath made it, is a far more dainty soil than that *Scarlet* island which lys near the *Baltic* sea." Edit. 1650. It is perhaps being triflingly minute to remark that Milton's "*Sable Stole of Cyprus lawn*." 11 Pen. 35. might have originated from G. Fletcher.

After them flew the Prophets, brightly *fold*
In shining *lawne*, and wimpled manifold. Chr. Trium.

M. D R A Y T O N.

If we closely consider the two following passages from this poet, there will be no occasion to suppose with Dr. Farmer, (see his Essay on the Learning of Shakespear, p. 30.) that Milton in his justly admired description of the Swan, had a passage of Dorne in his eye:

—— the Swan with *arched neck*
Between her white wings * mantling, *proudly rears*
Her state with oary feet. MILTON.

The jealous Swan, there *swimming in his pride*
With his *arch'd breast* the waters did divide,
His *saile wings* him forward strongly pushing
Against the billowes with such furie rushing,
As from the same, a some so white arose
As seem'd to mocke the breast that them oppose.
Manin the Moone. p. 480. 1619 Edit.

* This word which is highly descriptive, is applied by Spenser to the Hawk:

Ne is there hauke which *mantles* her on perch.
6 B. 11. C 32. F. Queen.

The

The Swan by his great master taught this good,
 T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
 His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,
 And oar-like feet — FLOOD.

Peck quotes an apposite passage from Shakspeare's *Tempest*, from which he supposes Milton to have taken his epithet *oary*. The lines are these :

———— his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oard
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
 To th' shore —

But had Peck been a minute reader of Drayton, he would have found that from him Milton copied the most material features in his image. It is worthy of observation, that the idea of the Swan's having a musical voice prevails in Iceland, as well as in the writings of the Ancients. See Uno Von Troil, speaking of this Bird. "They are said to sing very harmoniously in the dark cold winters nights: but though it was in the month of September, when I was upon the island, I never once enjoyed the pleasure of a single song." *Letters on Iceland*, p. 143.

The word *imparadis'd*, used by Milton, P. *Lost. B.* 4. p. 506. and supposed by some of his first commentators to have been coined by him, occurs twice in Drayton, perhaps oftener :

Within the castle hath the Queen devis'd
 A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
 As in the same she had *imparadis'd*
 Almost what man by industry hath sought.

Bar. Wars, B. 6. Stan. 30.

See also his *Poly-Olbion* :

O my bright lovely brook whose name doth bear the sound
 Of God's first garden-plot th' *imparadis'd* ground
 'Wherein he plac'd man.

The word seems to have been not uncommon with other of our older Poets, as the following instances prove :

For she that can my heart *imparadise*.

Daniel. 12 Son.

———— this *paradiz'd* Earth.

Warner's Alb. Eng. 10 B. 60 Ch. Edit. 1602.

Thou sit'st *emparadis'd*, and chaunt'st eternall layes.

P. Fletcher's P. 111. C. 1. St. 14. Edit. 1633.

As in his burning throne he sits *emparadi'd*.

G. Fletcher's *Christ's Triumph*.
Stav. 43. Part. 2. Ed. 1610.

My soule's *imparadi'd* for 'tis with her.

Habington's *Castara*. Edit. 1640. p. 32.

Pope in the course of his Translation of Homer, in a variety of instances, has with great happiness and success availed himself of the opportunity of interweaving with his version applicable passages from our best poets, as Shakspeare and Milton; perhaps in rendering the following line he had Milton in his eye:

Ἡ δὲ πρὸς ὠλομένην μίστρα πνευμένην. Il. 10. line 8.

Or bids the *brazen ibroat* of war to *rear*. POPE.

But what he has here gained in strength, he has lost in accuracy. Homer says nothing about *brazen*, Milton tempted him to use this epithet:

The *brazen ibroat* of war had *ceas'd* to *rear*.

P. L. B. 11. p. 713.

I was induced to quote these passages, as they will tend to introduce one of the most nervous and sublime lines in the whole compass of English Poetry. It is in our Author's Epistle from Mortimer to Isabel:

For which Rome sends her curses out from far
Through the stern ibroat of terror-breathing War.

S. D A N I E L.

— my Silvia's memory
Is all that I must ever live withal.

Scen. 4. Hym. Triumph.

This simple thought reminds us of a most inimitable exclamation in Shenstone's Epitaph on his amiable relation Miss Doleman, who died of the small-pox at the age of 21. This little piece of Shenstone's is one of the very rare modern productions, that not only resembles but rivals the dignified and affecting conciseness of the Ancients, in their sepulchral inscriptions. It is worth volumes of his pastorals. I will gratify myself by quoting it intire:

Peramabili fuz confobrinæ
M. D.

On

On the other side.

Ah Maria
Puellarum elegantissima,
Ah flore venustatis abrepta,
Vale!

*Hæc quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari,
Quam tul
Mementis!*

In our Author's funeral Poem to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, the following lines remind us of the Immortal Chatham:

Here is no room to tell with what strange speed
And secrecy he used to prevent
The enemies designs: nor with what heed
He march'd before report: where what he meant
Fame never knew herself, till it was done.

Sylveſter, in his *Du Bartas*, compliments Daniel, and calls him

"My dear sweet Daniel, sharp-concepted, brief,
Civill, ſententious, for pure accents chief." Fol. Edit. p. 82.

In what follows Drayton is alluded to, whom he intitles, "*our new Naſo*." Daniel had prefixed a Sonnet to his work. B. Jonſon likewise had verses prefixed to it.

W. B R O W N E.

There is an unſtudied flow of muſic in many lines of this writer, that perhaps exceeds almoſt every thing of his contemporaries. The harmony of theſe lines are remarkable:

Fair was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that day's morne into the green woods ſtraid.
Sweet was the aire but ſweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roſes are bequeathing. B. 2. Song. 3.

Every poetical ear will be ſtruck with the reſemblance to Collins's:

Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day, &c. 2 Eclog.

The

The "simplex munditiis" of Horace is well imitated in the following expression :

———— underneath whose shade
Most neat in rudeness Nature arbors made. 4 Song. 1 B.

The thought in the concluding line of Pope's Epitaph on Gay, has (though I cannot say I see any reason for it,) been in general disapproved of by professed critics :

But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*here lies Gay.*

Browne has a similar thought :

No grave befits him but the hearts of men. Vol. 1. p. 143.

But the thought is by no means uncommon ; a variety of similar passages might be adduced. The last line but one of the Epitaph is more justly liable to objection. I should be glad to be informed of the difference between " the " worthy and the good ; " it is strange, that Johnson in his Criticism on this Epitaph, should have omitted to observe, that the second line of it is borrowed from Dryden :

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
To the Mem. of Mrs. Killigrew.

In Browne's Pastorals, B. 1. Song 5, there occurs a whimsical and ridiculous play upon words, in which Echo repeats the two last syllables of the foregoing line which form an answer to it ; the same thing occurs in Herbert's Temple, p. 182. Ed. 1709. See also Erasmus's Colloquies. Butler has treated this affectation with his usual humour.

BISHOP HENRY KING.

Of whom Howell in his Letters, Vol. 2. p. 28. Edit. 1650. gives his opinion as follows : " You have much streightened that knot of love, which hath been long tied between us, by those choice manuscripts you sent me lately, amongst which I find divers rare pieces, but that which afforded me most entertainment in those miscellanies, was Dr. Henry King's Poems, wherein I find not only heat and strength, but also an exact concinnity and evenness of fancy : they are a choice race of brothers, and it seems the same genius diffuseth itself also among the sisters : " I will quote also what follows, as it alludes to a sister of our Author's. " It was my hap to be lately where mistress A. K. was, and having a paper of verses in her hand, I got it from her, they were an epitaph and an anagram of her own composition and writing, which took me so far, that the next morning before I was up, my rambling fancy fell upon these lines :

For the admitting of Mistress Anne King to be the tenth Muse.

The

The verses are not worth quoting. Dr. King, p. 88. of his Poems has verses upon Mrs. Kirk's being unfortunately drowned in the Thames. There are some lines on the same subject in "Elegies by Robert Heath, Esq;" Lond. 1650. p. 1. In the Collection of Dr. King's Poems, are the verses On the Earl of Dorset's death, which I have printed, p. 42. 2. Vol. They are to be found amongst Bishop Corbet's Poems, but to which of the two they belong I know not.

F I N I S.

(By the EDITOR of these Volumes,)

POEMS and other PIECES.

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